

# THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was born at Norwich, Eng., in 1802. Her family is of French descent, and was driven into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

An unusual attachment existed between her and her elder brother, Rev. James Martineau, and this, with delicate health and partial deafness which precluded the usual enjoyments of childhood, led her early to literary pursuits. How intensely she suffered from the privation of hearing she has most vividly described:

"I have known deafness grow upon a sensitive child, so gradually as never

to bring the moment when her parents felt impelled to seek her confidence; and the moment therefore never arrived. She became gradually borne down in health and spirits by the pressure of her trouble, her springs of pleasure all poisoned, her temper irritated, and rendered morose, her intellectual pride puffed up to an insufferable haughtiness, and her conscience brought by perpetual pain of heart into a state of trembling soreness—all this, without one word ever being offered to her by any person whatever of sympathy or sorrow about her misfortune. Now and



then some one made light of it; now and then some one told her she mismanaged it, and gave advice, which being inapplicable, grated upon her morbid feelings; but no one inquired what she felt, or appeared to suppose that she did feel. Many were anxious to show kindness, and tried to supply some of her privations; but it was too late. She was shut up, and her manner appeared hard and ungracious, while her heart was dissolving in emotions. No one knew when she stole out of the room, exasperated by the earnest talk and merry laugh that she could not share, that she went to bolt herself in her own room, and sob on the bed, or throw herself on her knees to pray for help or death. No one knew of her passionate longing to be alone, while she was, for her good, driven into society; nor how, when by chance alone for an hour or two she wasted the luxury by watching the lapse of the precious minutes.

"And when she grew hard, strict, and even fanatical in her religion, no one suspected that this was because her religion was her all—her soul's strength under agonies of false shame, her wealth under her privations, her refuge in her loneliness; while her mind was so narrow as to require that what religion was to her—her one pursuit and object—it should be to everybody else. In course of years she in great measure retrieved herself, though conscious of irreparable mischief done to her nature. All this while many hearts were aching for her, and the minds of her family were painfully occupied in thinking what could be done for her temper and her happiness. The mistake of reserve was the only thing they are answerable for; a mistake which, however mischievous, was naturally caused by the very pain of their own sympathy first, and the reserve of the sufferer afterward."

Most happy was it for Miss Martineau that she found in authorship an outlet for her exquisitely sensitive

nature. Her first work, a devotional one, was published when she was twenty-one, and was followed soon after by "Christmas Day." It was a great happiness to her when she was able by her pen to relieve her family of her support, and thus assist her father, who had been reduced by business reverses from wealth to comparative poverty.

The young authoress rapidly followed up her first successes. Before she was thirty she had written eight or ten volumes of tales, "Original Hymns," tracts, and three prize essays on theological subjects.

In 1832 Miss Martineau appeared as a political writer, in a series of "Illustrations of Political Economy," "Taxation," "Poor Laws," in which, under the disguise of a story, she sought to infuse into the public mind her own notions of reform. Her object was truly philanthropic, and gave her an American as well as European celebrity.

These publications were followed by her memorable visit to the United States in 1835. We have not yet forgotten with what open-armed hospitality she was entertained here, nor how rank and wealth rivaled each other in doing homage to the distinguished guest. Everywhere her apartments were crowded with visitors, and her tables piled with notes of invitation from one elegant mansion to another.

After an ovation which would have melted the heart or turned the head of any other woman, she went home to dissect and book us. Her reflections were returned to us in two volumes, "Society in America," and "Retrospect of Western Travel," in which she discussed our institutions and manners in a way little flattering to our national vanity. But with all her discourtesy, her ignorance and one-sided prejudice, she told us many wholesome truths, which we had not temper to receive, nor wisdom to put in practice. With the majority of Americans, Miss Martineau is still



considered the synonym of every thing that is harsh, crabbed, and sour in womankind. Her gifted and discriminating friend, Charlotte Brontë, draws a very different picture of her, in a description of a visit to Ambleside :

"I am at Miss Martineau's for a week. Her house is very pleasant, both within and without, arranged at all points with admirable neatness and comfort. Her visitors enjoy the most perfect liberty ; what she claims for herself she allows them. I rise at my own hour, breakfast alone — she is up at five, takes a cold bath, and a walk by starlight, and has finished her breakfast and got to her work by seven o'clock. I pass the morning in the drawing-room — she in her study. At two o'clock we meet — work, talk, and walk together till five, her dinner hour ; spend the evening together, when she converses fluently and abundantly, and with the most complete frankness. I go to my own room soon after ten — she sits up writing letters till twelve.

"She seems exhaustless in strength and spirits, and indefatigable in the faculty of labor. She is a great and a good woman ; of course not without peculiarities, but I have seen none as yet that annoy me. She is both hard and warm-hearted, abrupt and affectionate, liberal and despotic. I believe she is not at all conscious of her own absolutism. When I tell her of it, she denies the charge warmly ; then I laugh at her. I believe she rules Ambleside. Some of the gentry dislike her, but the lower orders have a great regard for her. \* \* The government of her household is admirably administered. All she does is well done, from the writing of a history down to the quietest female occupation."

Since her American tour Miss Martineau has published several works for children, and two novels, which are characterized by an excellent critic as "full of acute and delicate thought, and elegant description." "Eastern Life :

Past and Present," is one of her most valuable productions, and embodies her observations of Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Syria, and Arabia, during a tour of these countries made in 1846. She has excellent qualities as a traveler, and her opinions are entitled to great weight.

"Household Education," published in 1849, propounds Miss Martineau's theory of domestic training. It is a digest of long and thoughtful observations, and makes us feel that it needed only the more intimate relations of wife and mother to render her one of the most lovely and benignant of her sex.

The last feature in the life of this lady is one which her truest friends and admirers look upon with profound sorrow. A woman among unbelievers — Harriet Martineau, in league with Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, to undermine the foundation of our most holy faith, is indeed a humiliating spectacle. In "Letters on Man's Nature and Development," she avows herself without disguise, and takes her place in the deadly ranks of atheism. This, so far as we know, is her present attitude : let us hope that her errors are of the head rather than of the heart — the transient vagaries of an over-speculative mind, and that her splendid powers will yet be enlisted in a nobler work.

## IMPROVEMENT.

**I**F you have great talents, industry will improve them ; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor ; nothing is ever to be attained without it. Remember, a man's genius is always in the beginning of life as much unknown to himself as to others ; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.



MRS. GRUNDY'S OPINION OF  
HER ACQUAINTANCE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Not only good and kind,  
But strong and elevated is thy mind;  
A spirit that with noble pride  
Can look superior down  
On fortune's smile or frown;  
That can, without regret or pain,  
To virtue's lowliest duty sacrifice."

LORD LYTTLETON.

"The world has won thee, lady, and thy joys  
Are placed in trifles, fashions, follies, toys."  
CRABBE.

"DO you know, Mrs. Nettleton, I've found out why Mrs. Finch got that new gray raglan to wear this fall, when she had a good black stella?"

"No, I don't; but how did you become acquainted with the important secret?" said the lady addressed, with a half-concealed tone of contempt for the speaker, which the latter lady did not perceive, so much absorbed was she by the important discovery she had made.

"How? Why, by — what do you call it? It's that word they use when animals seem to know things."

"Instinct?"

"Yes! instinct told me so."

"Good authority, Mrs. Grundy."

"The very best, my dear Mrs. Nettleton. And instinct also tells me that she will line that same article of dress, and trim it up, to make people believe that she's got a new cloak this very winter. Dear me! how deceptive some people are! Why, that woman never hires a dressmaker but to fit and baste her dresses, and makes them all herself on the sly, and then goes out into our very best society! It's a shame! She knits all her husband's stockings evenings, when her friends are in to sit with her; but I understand that well enough, she wants to show her hands to good advantage."

"How do you know that, Mrs. Grundy?"

"I might as well say that I found out this by my Betty, who was with her a short time. The girl said that Mr. and Mrs. Finch were a great deal

more merry and chatty when there was no company in, and it was so different where she lived before; for at Mrs. Morgan's, all the pleasant talk was saved up for visitors. So she thought she would find out what amused them so much, and one evening she left the back parlor-door ajar, so she could pass in from the dining-room. At first Mr. Finch was reading from the night's paper out loud, while Mrs. Finch kept on knitting, and looking off her work as if she thought her husband the only man in christendom.

"Well, by-and-by the paper was all *read up*, so Betty said, and he laid it down and asked her if it did not tire her to keep those needles going all the time, and she answered, 'Not a bit.' He said, 'I'm glad, for it shows your hands so prettily; and I do so love to watch them.' Betty said she thought Mr. Finch very silly to say such things when they had been married seven or eight years, and I must acknowledge I respect Betty's opinion. She is a very sensible girl. Then Mr. Finch went on to tell his wife it was getting cold weather, and did n't she want some money to buy her winter's clothes; and she said no; she had plenty of clothes, and plenty of money for the present. She could drain his purse by-and-by to his entire satisfaction.

"Betty said she was very stingy to her girls — would n't let her have but one gas-burner going at a time evenings, and all the while Betty was in her house, a whole month, Mrs. Finch gave her but one dress, and that was a pink calico, and a spotted linen collar, with a pink edge to match, while I've given the girl two of my silks, and that lace cape I wore last winter to parties sometimes. Mrs. Finch is always trumping up some old body to feed and clothe, and would be glad to take the lead in fashion with her odd notions, but society is too sensible for that, though all the fools ain't dead I'm sorry to say. Then Betty said, Mrs. Finch



went on to tell her husband that she was going to trim her blue silk with velvet up the sides, and get her light brown merino colored darker, and made up with a deep basque, and she should not need any more, with the others she had; and what did the great simpleton of a man do but—I would not believe every one, but Betty is a girl of truth—throw his wife's knitting under the sofa, take her on his knee, and then kiss her under her chin, and say she was worth ten million such women as—who do you think he said? When I tell you you must not wonder at my *love* for Mrs. Finch. He said me—Mrs. Grundy! I would n't have Grundy know it for the world, for he is always saying something wonderful about her; but one thing he can't say—he can't praise her beauty; and if he knew how she *managed* to look genteel, he could not—yes he would too; he thinks it all right to deceive society in that way. He has not the least respect for gentility, nor his wife either; so I tell him sometimes, and he only grunts. I don't believe matches are made in heaven and never did. I married Mr. Grundy because everybody decided that he had such business tact; and he says he can't tell why he married me. Why don't you say something, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"For two reasons," the lady answered; "one is, you took no breathing time; and the other, I was thinking of Mrs. Finch. My husband has chanced to converse with her several times in society, and is greatly pleased with her, while I have unfortunately scarcely spoken to her. I told husband, only last night, I would go this very day and call upon her. I am always sure I shall like all who please Mr. Nettleton. She seems to attract people, and—"

"Yes; but they don't know how she deceives by pretending to be one of *us*, with her old clothes all fixed over; and then—I would not tell anybody but you—Betty said she knew

that she wrote for the newspapers, for she overheard what one of the publishers said to her about her not using her name; and Mrs. Finch replied that she had rather not be known. Are you going to call *now*, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"Are you sure, Mrs. Grundy?"

"Betty's word is as good as print."

"I promised my husband I would visit her, and I will; but whether I go again depends on the observation I make."

"Let me know, my dear friend, all about it, won't you?"

And so they parted: Mrs. Grundy to speculate on Mrs. Finch's hidden attractions, and Mrs. Nettleton to see if she could fathom the same mystery.

Mrs. Nettleton found Mrs. Finch seated by a work-table, with all the etceteras of sewing, and a small vase of autumnal flowers exquisitely arranged, throwing their beauty over shreds and odd bits of old merino, and ends of velvet ribbon, and Mrs. Finch's hands nimbly plying the needle. She received her new acquaintance cordially, but made no excuse for her occupation, as Mrs. Nettleton expected, according to the usual formula of such occasions. Nothing by way of apology was offered by Mrs. Nettleton for this call, or for not doing so sooner. Nothing was said of unruly servants, the distressing monetary difficulties, or the complaints of husbands over the times, and, what was more remarkable than all, not a syllable was uttered of their neighbors. A voice from the hall called out:

"May I come, mamma?" in the sweetest of childish accents, and the answering "Yes!" opened the door, and in tripped Mrs. Finch's little daughter.

She replied prettily to the visitor's salutation, and began inspecting her mother's occupation. A little dress of plaid merino was nearly completed for the child, over which the little creature was cooing out her admiration.



"An old one of mine," said Mrs. Finch, not at all chagrined at this proof of her economy. "I always select such material as will be of service to my child, as delicate textures are of little use to a domestic, or to the poor, should we give them away. Besides it creates a taste in them for clothing too expensive for their means. Don't you think so, Mrs. Nettleton?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Finch; but won't your intimate friends remember the garment, and accuse you of overthought for your expenditures?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Nettleton, for it's a part of my creed, and religion too, I may add, to waste nothing, and it is needful in these hard times to relieve our husbands of every burden by careful outlays. The world at large may render the verdict its capricious will pleases, it is of no consequence to me, so that the 'still, small voice' whispers 'well done.' My husband has as yet sustained little inconvenience from want of resource. And you agree with me, do you not, in my theory and practice, too?"

"I am sorry I can't answer in the affirmative to both, my dear Mrs. Finch. I believe every word of your theory, but the practice calls for more courage than I possessed when I came in; but I believe your example will give me a little strength. I came out this afternoon to drive away the thoughts of my disappointment because my husband said it would be impossible for him to spare the large sum it required for furs, at the present size and quality. He is a very indulgent husband, and grants my every desire. I was not prepared for denial, and fear I did not meet it very philosophically, or good-naturedly either I must in justice acknowledge."

"Our wants are imaginary, at least the most expensive ones are."

"True, Mrs. Finch, but society's demands are imperative. You smile, but you know it is hard to cast off its rule in any thing."

"I do not find it imperative, and

its rule I heed very little. My husband's admiration of my costume, and the motive that prompted its adoption is sufficient for me."

"Excuse me if I ask a very inquisitive question, but my heart seeks, in its blindness, for light to guide me from the unsatisfying pleasures of dress and display. I am told you write for the public, and does not this serve your cravings for seeing yourself admired in some way?"

"I have no such motive, I assure you. It has been said that woman never seeks fame if she is happy and satisfied; and that may be true, unless she does it to elevate those she loves, and whose name she bears. But believe me, I write because I am happy and satisfied, and desire to give a glimmer of my enjoyment to others, and at least show them the way they may look for the same satisfaction."

"Thank you, Mrs. Finch; and when I comprehend your independence, and stagger in my endeavors to follow the same path, albeit at a long distance behind you, will you give me encouragement also?"

"You won't need it from without, it is all within. But we have had a strange conversation for a first acquaintance. I hope you will pardon me the freedom of my remarks, but there was something in your manner allowed me to say all I pleased."

"Can't we meet often, Mrs. Finch?"

"It would give me pleasure certainly, Mrs. Nettleton."

And so they parted: one to remove traces of her economy from her returning husband's eyes lest he should think she watched the signs of the times too closely for her comfort, and the other to seek the beginning of the path her new friend found so agreeable, and which commended itself so warmly to her sense of right.

Mr. Nettleton came home looking sad, for he expected to meet the dissatisfied face of his petted wife. He was surprised to see her standing on the verandah, waiting for his return, only as she did in her very happiest



moods. Down the steps she ran, and up again by his side after the very fashion which disgusted Mrs. Grundy so much, and which she forgot to mention to her friend in her late interesting communication. Mr. Nettleton was on the *qui vive* to know what extraordinary pleasure had so elated his wife's spirits, and his curiosity came near forming itself into questions, when Mrs. Nettleton remarked that she had been delighted with a call upon a lady he admired, and thought his taste excellent. As she chirped away, she stroked his whiskers very much as Mrs. Finch would have done, but which her fashionable habits had long since caused her to forget.

Her husband forbore inquiries, and listened to as merry a chat that evening as gladdened any anxious business man in that great city. Indeed, he forgot for a longer period his perplexities, than for many a weary day or night before. Not a word was said of the furs, and he began to relax his resolution to live on a smaller outlay, and quite reproached himself for his ill-nature in refusing anything to so lovely a woman as that same one who was humming and purring at his side, before the cheerful autumn fire.

"Pet," he began, "was n't I a trifle cross at dinner to-day?"

"Not a bit, my dear. Why?"

"Did n't somebody want five hundred dollars for something, and did n't somebody say that somebody must try and be happy without that something?"

"Yes! but what of that?"

"Why, somebody has altered his mind, and if somebody is silly, so all men are who have such wives, to make them forget 'how the money goes.' Here is the amount, my dear."

"Do n't tempt me if you love me," she said, pushing back his hand, to Mr. Nettleton's utter amazement. "I am a better woman since dinner, and those furs would not give me the least pleasure in the world. Believe

me, for I have seen another variety of happiness in Mrs. Finch's parlor to-day. Let me try to be like her."

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" he replied, for want of something more apropos, forgetting it had been a favorite expression of his wife. She colored, and the tears came up quickly as she said:

"Don't tease me the first day of my reformation, for it is no easy lesson for a silly woman like me to learn."

I suppose it is but justice to say that it was Mr. Nettleton's time to follow the example of the Finch family and kiss his wife.

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According to promise of further revelations if there were any, Mrs. Grundy's carriage stopped before Mrs. Nettleton's door at the earliest possible moment society would permit. Glad to find her friend alone, she commenced a modern edition of the *longer* catechism.

"My dear friend, what of yesterday's call? Do tell me all at once; I am dying of curiosity. Does she write for the newspapers? And her husband doing such a handsome business too! She is money-loving and miserly, for all her charities. She admitted as much in an indirect way. Ridiculous! and yet people will call there and invite her to be their equal."

"I should not wonder if some found her their superior, Mrs. Grundy."

"How funny you are sometimes, my dear, and I declare you make me laugh when I feel quite shocked. Did you catch her at any of her efforts to hide her economy?"

"She was making over a dress of hers for Kitty, and it was quite pretty indeed."

"Just as I told you! and she will exhibit that young one the first fair day in the streets, and people who don't see behind the curtain think that she has patronized our most fashionable stores. If you will credit



me, my husband would uphold her in that very thing."

"So would mine, Mrs. Grundy."

"We can sympathize in that particular; my dear, sympathy is so comforting."

"I hope our husbands can't indulge in the last mentioned pleasure," replied Mrs. Nettleton, the sarcasm becoming visible to a less preoccupied person.

"How can we make her less popular with our husbands?"

"Only by imitating her."

"Never!" said the indignant Mrs. Grundy.

"I shall try," returned Mrs. Nettleton, her courage rising.

"Mrs. Nettleton!"

"Mrs. Grundy!"

"Are you sane?"

"I think I am beginning to be."

"I am astonished! Let me go now, and remember that your last remarks were jokes."

"Pray don't, Mrs. Grundy, for I fear my courage will ebb next time I am upon this subject."

Off rolled the carriage, and Mrs. Nettleton was miserable. She had not reckoned the cost of her avowing a womanly simplicity of taste, and a human, not to say a tender regard for the struggles of her husband in these days of trial. A facetious writer calls women "strange animals," and verily he has come to a very correct conclusion. She could not endure to lose Mrs. Grundy's approbation, although said opinions were laws that might, under the new light that shone upon them, be appealed from on certain occasions.

The afternoon found Mrs. Nettleton so uneasy and miserable, that she resolved to call upon her astonished friend, and have a talk, in fact give her reasons for the change in her creed and the consequent happiness.

At four o'clock she sat in the parlor of Mrs. Grundy, who no doubt was taking time over Mrs. Nettleton's card to decide how she should meet her. In the adjoining room Miss Ger-

trude Evelina Grundy, called Gerty Grundy for brevity, sat enjoying the society of her dolly. The one-sided colloquy was quite satisfying to the visitor.

"Dolly's got a beau, haint she? Aunt Nelly's little white puppy Jip come to see it this morning, didn't he? Papa said sister Annie's beau was a puppy, and Dolly's got one too, only sister Annie's don't know as much as Dolly's beau, does he, Dolly? We'll have good times, won't we, and she shall have that new white taffeta, a cerise ribbon, and that sweet Bayadere too. Dolly hain't got no pa, but she has got a grandpa, and I'll tease him just as mamma and Annie do, and he will give us all we want just to stop our noise, won't he? We can't go to see Mrs. Nettleton any more, and get biscuit and jelly, 'cause mamma says she is a fool, and hain't got genteel notions bred in her. Hain't it too bad, Dolly, when she has got such good jelly! And ma says she always knew she was vulgar, but did not like to say so till she saw if she couldn't make her somebody. Ma says, too, she should n't wonder a bit if her husband got ashamed of her yet, not a bit. Hain't you sorry, Dolly, 'bout the jelly? I knew you was, and ma says she should n't wonder if she got to be as low as Mrs. Finch, 'fore long. Mrs. Finch is awful deceitful, ma says. If Kitty is so pretty, all her clothes are old ones, and mamma don't know what the world is coming to, nor we either, do we, Dolly?"

This *coutretemps*, whether fortunate or otherwise, the writer does not quite know, but it decided Mrs. Nettleton that she had not sufficient leisure to waste it upon affection already forfeited, and she let herself out of the palatial mansion of Mrs. Grundy, to be omitted in the list of invitations to the next grand party given, to show to the whole city that those not present were of little or no consequence to society.

The new friends spent the same



evening together, and neither the Finch or Nettleton family seemed disposed to wear sackcloth. On the contrary, a cheerfulness, hard to be accounted for, possessed them, and did not give the least indications of being less than legion. The spell of refined contentment was contagious, and others followed in the bright wake of sensible pleasures, and ceased to find their highest delight in the contemptible ambition of out-dressing each other.

Mrs. Grundy, of course, found enough who were glad to fill the vacuum, for there are plenty of people in this world who seem to hold themselves in no higher estimation than to occupy space — particularly ladies. I think this last sentence a happy thought, for it has been a difficult problem to decide to what end some were clothed, fed, and I won't say, educated. It has troubled me as much as Mr. Grundy's reason for the selection of a wife.

#### THE MONITOR — MUSIC.

WE give place to the following article on Music, not because we agree with our correspondent in the result arrived at, or with the action of the Society of Friends with regard to it, but because it is a matter well worth thinking about. Perhaps if the botanical and mineralogical tours proposed were carried to such an excess as music is in some cases, the accompaniments of evil would be quite as bad. The wise will observe moderation in all things; but whatever is in fashion will always be in excess.—ED.

I HAVE known several men who were skillful players on musical instruments. Nearly all of them were of idle habits, and worthless character — showing that music has not that elevating and sublime influence which some claim for it. I have known several girls, commonly called

“young ladies,” who had spent two or three years in learning to play on the piano, and they had thus become, as they thought, very “*accomplished* ;” yet they could not write a letter in a neat manner, could not express themselves well, nor spell correctly, nor punctuate properly, nor fold and direct a letter neatly. They could neither make good bread, nor mend a coat neatly, and understood very little of household economy. The study of music had contributed largely to destroy their usefulness, and to prevent intellectual improvement.

I have known young people of both sexes, who had a strong passion for music; they resolved to indulge in it, and having acquired some skill, sought such company as appreciated their attainments. This soon led to midnight parties, to the acquaintance of skillful musicians of a low character, to wine drinking, to concerts, to balls, to theaters, to practical infidelity, to ruined morality. The Society of Friends has therefore, with much wisdom, adopted the principle of total abstinence; it has reasoned as temperance men have done, and maintained that, on account of the numerous evils which are very apt to result from a study of music, and the bad influence and bad company to which it often leads, the simplest and easiest remedy is to forego the little good it may sometimes do, and to exclude it from the list of studies and amusements.

Young people want and should have amusements. But far more enduring charms may be found in the pursuit of the natural sciences, in making botanical collections, in studying minerals, in geological tours, in microscopic examinations, in drawing and sketching objects of natural history and landscape, and in the pursuit of astronomy, and the enjoyment of the wonders of the telescope. These improve the intellect and expand the mind, and do not, like music, address themselves merely to animal delights.



There are, at the present time, according to authentic statistics, seven hundred thousand pianos in use in the United States. The cost, at three hundred dollars each, would amount to over two hundred million dollars. This sum would build two hundred thousand school-houses, at an expense of a thousand dollars each; or, it would construct a Pacific railroad; or, it would provide fine libraries of about a thousand volumes each, for two hundred thousand neighborhoods; or, it would provide every human being in the world with a cheap Bible or Testament.

Is it not a wise prohibition which Friends have adopted, of the practice which has led to this enormous extravagance, for a useless, not to say a worse than useless gratification, while so many are suffering for the necessities of life, and are growing up in ignorance and darkness for want of suitable provision to enlighten them? It is now common to find families provided with costly pianos, who, when called upon to assist charitable purposes, "can not afford to;" and the parents "can not" buy for their children useful books, for intellectual and religious instruction.

The attempt has sometimes been made to make studies at school alluring, by largely interspersing music; but as the mind can not be exercised, disciplined, and developed, except by positive exertion and labor, to which there can be no "royal road," the intended assistant is likely only to make an enervated and thoughtless people. I have no doubt that what is called "Church music," has this tendency.

A pious and intelligent Presbyterian minister, assured the writer that it was his conviction that the religious world at large were suffering greatly for want of more of the spirit of Friends' mode of worship in their religious meetings. He thought there was not enough of silent, individual exercise—every thing was done by the minister and the choir, and every moment was occupied either in act-

ing or listening, from the commencement to the close. Yet the incompatibility of the enervating influence of music, and the exercise and discipline of silent worship had not occurred to him. It is questionable whether the two, so opposite in their nature, could ever be advantageously introduced in the same assembly.

The *artificial*, not to say *superficial* influences which are called in to aid religious worship, were strikingly shown some years ago at an extensive revival in a large village in New York. A young woman—a very skillful musician—was leader of the choir, and was waited on by a special deputation of the leading men of the congregation, to secure her regular services; "for," said they, "the Lord's cause can not go on without your help;"—although she made no profession of religion, and even her moral character was not of the highest grade.

#### AMELIA OPIE'S FAREWELL TO MUSIC.

I have loved thee, oh Music, I have tasted  
thy powers,  
And have praised thy sweet song that has  
robb'd me of hours;  
I have said thou could'st lull every feeling  
of strife,  
And have counted thee one of the blessings  
of life:

I have thought that thy anthems of holy de-  
light,  
Brought the dawns of day 'mid the shad-  
ows of night;  
That the spirit, oppress'd with unspeakable  
grief,  
Could at least find one refuge, one certain  
relief.

Ah! thou lily-white wand, and thou rose-  
bedecked thorn,  
Thou betrayest the heart, and then leavest it  
to mourn;  
For thy comfort is transient, not a boon to  
bestow,  
From thy high mountain anthems what deep  
meanings flow.

Then I'll leave thee, I'll leave thee, I'll bid  
thee farewell,  
Nor shall reason or conscience hencefor-  
ward rebel;



Thou shalt rob me no more of sweet silence  
and rest,  
For I've proved thee a trap, a seducer at  
best.

Yes, thou spirit of darkness transformed  
into light,  
Thou voluptuous form clothed in raiment of  
white;  
It is thine when the passions seemed con-  
quer'd and fled,  
But to raise up and cherish the evils we  
dread.

Then go thou where vice haunts the thought-  
less and gay,  
Where the midnight of folly sends reason  
away;  
Where the mind draws its pleasures, its sor-  
rows from thence,  
And the heart pants alone for the raptures of  
sense.

But oh, enter thou not where devotion has  
trod,  
To beguile the soul from its duty to  
God;  
For the well-spring of life, and the bread of  
the day,  
It is thine not to give, but to barter  
away.

And while sin, open sin leads its thousands  
astray,  
Tens of thousands are borne by false pleas-  
ures away;  
Let the Christian in heart then redeemed  
and set free,  
Never dare to return, oh vain Music, to  
thee.

Let us weigh, as in a balance, the  
"little good that it may *sometimes*  
do," the time spent, and the mil-  
lions of dollars expended, while so  
many are remaining uninstructed in  
usefulness, a burden to themselves  
and to community:

"That God sees not as men behold, is true,  
Eternal things attract the human view;  
But, lo! the Lord surveys the inward parts,  
His eye discerns, and he accepts the heart.  
I. SAMUEL, XVI.

Christ in his sermon on the mountain fam'd,  
The theme of notes or singing never named;  
Did not on tunes to please the fancy strike,  
Nor instruments of music David like.

AMOS VI.-5.

Yet, He the things that were essential told,  
Said: 'All who hear and mind my words,  
behold,

Are like a man whose house is on a rock,  
That stood the rain, flood, and tempestuous  
shock.'

When worshipers on vocal sounds are fixed,  
Amusement of the creature will be mixed;  
Take thou away the noise of song from me,  
I will not hear the viol's melody.

AMOS V.-21.

Tho' this may have of choicest fruit the  
signs,  
Good notice take, 'All is not gold that  
shines.'

R. W.

## WILLIE'S DEATH.

BY ISABELLA SHELDEN.

THE painter's task is finished. He has traced  
Upon the canvas with unerring hand  
The sparkling eye, the pallid brow, and  
cheek

Hollow and pale, save where the hectic flush  
Too surely heralds the approach of death.  
His parents gaze half joyful, half in tears;  
'T were sweet to have e'en this when he is  
gone.

But Fancy pictures his dear form as 't was  
In days long past, when, with a rosy cheek,  
A lightsome step, and joyous shout he ran  
To meet his father when his work was done.  
But Willie's thoughts are sweet and happy  
now;

His flowers have not yet lost their charms  
for him;

And as within his trembling hand a book  
Is placed by his fond father, see him smile;  
His cup of earthly happiness seems full.

"And thou, my Willie, thou wilt draw these  
flowers

Before they fade. Say, wilt thou not?"

He answers not. Can he have slept so  
soon?

"Oh, Willie! Willie!" But they can not  
wake

Him from that last long sleep. Without a sigh,  
And with a smiling face he passed away.

Oh! then was felt a mother's agony,  
As with a bursting heart she sees that Death  
Has snatched her only son; and smothered  
sobs

Bear painful witness of a father's grief.

But hush! oh, hush! 't were best for him to  
go,

When his young heart o'erflowed with happi-  
ness.

And we will leave his book and fading  
flowers,

Fit emblems of his brief sojourn on earth,  
To lie with him beneath the churchyard  
green,

For 't were a sin to tear them from his grasp.

WILLSBOROUGH, Sept., 1857.



## LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

## VI.

GIRARD, *October 20, 1857.*

YOU ask, dear M. . . ., why so long a time has elapsed since you heard from me? The simple reason is, that I disapprove of "running accounts," and I found on my ledger a great discrepancy between the debit and credit pages. So, said I to my metallic thought painter, rest awhile; it is unfair that you should work all the time without remuneration. Besides, it is by no means certain but we may be obtrusive. At any rate, the old saw says "all work and no play" is unhealthy, both mentally and physically. Rest awhile; perhaps after a while we may call out a response; and so we did; and the response or inquiry came.

I know this smacks of a business character; perhaps too much to be strictly genteel; but gentility, disconnected with life's necessities, is to me an unlearned lesson. Activity in the sphere assigned us by Providence, is the truest gentility. From the humble pavier to him who guides the helm of state, he is noble, who nobly performs his duties.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Immediately after man was formed, his Creator brought him to the garden of Eden, which he had planted, and placed him there "to dress and keep it." Hence we infer that labor is an honorable condition, calculated to promote the best interests of man, morally, mentally, and physically. He who ignores it, on the scale of social elevation, greatly mistakes the true honor and dignity of his nature. Constituted as the world is, there must be various kinds of labor, requiring minds of different calibre; but as all are the workmanship of one great Artist, who shall depreciate one and elevate another, with no higher authority than conventional rules, which, like all others, are not

unexceptionables, is there not danger of injustice to one, whose spirit came from the same great Being, who first breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul?

It would be well to look less to the *gentility* of the various occupations of life, and more to the importance which attaches to the performance of the duties belonging to them.

"He who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly — angels could no more."

In the whole range of duties, perhaps, the complete circle of those well-performed, can be found only in the Christian home. Here is Heaven epitomized. In no condition, under no circumstances, are the mandates of duty so varied, so onerous, so complicated, so important, and so inadequately appreciated, as are those of

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Among the rich endowments that have fallen from heaven to earth, perhaps none is so momentous for weal or woe, so fraught with the present "bliss that has survived the Fall," as the establishment of the household. Or, by perversion, it is the most glaring type of the misery which "seized the trembling earth — when nature groaned in muttering thunder; saw the lowering sky weep sad drops, at the completion of the mortal sin original."

In His wisdom and infinite mercy, God "setteth the solitary in families." To parents he says, each time that a new immortal is added to the group, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give you wages." From the manner in which this command is observed, results the future happiness or wretchedness of all immediately interested; also more remotely, the eternal destiny of numberless households, yet in the distant future.

Perhaps there is no important subject that receives so little attention as that of the influence which every person exerts, no matter how humble, or limited his sphere. The child knows no higher example than that of his



parent, and copies it; not always exactly, but frequently adds such embellishments as he may, from time to time, collect from his street and school associates. Generally the character of these is not very dissimilar to the home example. In the home the tastes originate and are cultivated, and they seek their aliment among congenial objects. If the household example be correct, the young copyist, by a refinement of sentiment which enables him to discriminate, learns to reject with disgust the coarse vulgarity, the profane jest, and the boisterous, annoying mirth of the wicked. Yet he has imbibed the poison. Is it possible to handle pitch without being defiled? his hitherto untainted imagination has received images of impurity, and they are hung upon memory's walls, never to be displaced, till death closes the entrance. He may not yield to their promptings, but the stain is on his heart, and he can never again be what he was before.

What a wonderful power is influence, especially when it is an agent for evil! For more than five centuries, Noah was a preacher of righteousness; for one hundred and twenty years his efforts were energized by the knowledge of the coming catastrophe. Yet, we have reason to suppose, that not *one* listened to the conversion of his soul; as none but his own family were permitted to enter the ark. All who had lived on the earth for more than sixteen centuries, were engulfed in the universal ruin. The great weight of influence, then, is thrown into the scale of the wicked. Hence the conviction that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it, is a solemn question; for we are sure that He who formed the heart, knows its propensities.

A family of children must be educated. To do this, the parents, anxious to obtain an honorable celebrity through their children, spare not labor or expense "to bring them

through" a respectable scholastic course at boarding-school and college. The usual number of books are looked at, in the requisite number of years; and showy diplomas testify that a certain course has been rambled over. The counting-house ledger exhibits the number of thousands which have been expended in the cause, and the young persons are presented to society, as having "finished their education."

Is this the fact? Have they not yet to learn the first rudiments of living? With an ample purse in hand, they have vied with their associates in the gratification of their tastes. Each year has presented an increased call for additional indulgences, which the fond parents allow, in consideration of the poor things being away from home, and obliged to study so hard.

Little do they realize, that this is a very imperfect preparation for the life-struggles, which strew thickly and thornily the path that must be scaled by all earth's denizens, who strive to reach their goal. Scarcely knowing disappointment but by name, the inviting delights of an untried life beckoning in the bright, distant future, habits and tastes formed upon the enjoyment of their affluent homes, without the least idea of the labors and struggles which others have borne, that they may revel in their present position and future prospects—they commence a career fraught with eternal results, as heedlessly and with as little consideration for its terminus as if they were embarking on a pleasure excursion for a single day.

These are the future heads of households yet to be established, in perpetuation of the *institution* which God himself first formed in Paradise. If the head of *that* household, made in the image of God, with his Maker to instruct in all that was essential for him to know; and all his surroundings designed appliances for his enjoyment; ministering angels for his associates; without a painful memory



of the past, and not a bitter experience to elicit dread for the future; if *he* yielded to blandishments and fell, what may not be feared for the youth taking his first independent step over life's attractive threshold?

Pleasure, with beautiful aspect and full of promise, beckons him on, pointing to gardens redolent with flowers, and sparkling with bright rivulets, allures him within their fascinating inclosures. To his dismay, he finds himself hedged in with thorns; turn as he may, he is lacerated and torn. His only safety is in retracing the deceptive path. Few have the moral courage necessary for this, and the consequence is, remediless ruin. An occasional one, not entirely oblivious to social obligations, determines to begin life anew, and takes the first step in fulfillment of this wise resolve, by taking an helpmate. The probability is, that he will choose one no better qualified for the station than himself. From such a household what is to be expected? New and strange cares bring new necessities and responsibilities, but do not open new avenues to meet the demand. Criminations and recriminations follow; pleasures, independent of home, are eagerly sought and indulged, until misery takes possession of the domestic hearth, accompanied by reproach and shame.

Here is a wrecked household. From its ruins may arise a lofty spirit, struggling with overwhelming difficulties; but conscious of latent power, he seeks and elicits the electric spark of wisdom, guided by its sure and steady, though faintly glimmering ray, he pursues—and pursues in the face of almost insufferable objects, till suddenly, and almost to his own surprise, though observers have long seen him nearing it, he finds himself at the goal for which his most strenuous efforts have been made, himself a crowned victor, having conquered lions which beset his way, and many a time nearly overcame him in the con-

flict. Among all the lessons which have been spread out for his instruction, that of human nature as it exists in real life, has been carefully studied. He sees that nothing is permanently joyous, in a world lying under the ban of God's curse; that the only thing in life worth possessing is a knowledge of duty, and the performance of its mandates his highest glory. He consults the only chart that has been laid down for man, and finds it perfect; he resolves to make it the rule of his faith and practice.

With a spirit strengthened by hard collisions with opposing elements, and encouraged by the cheering revealed voice, he takes his place on life's bustling Flotilla, and manfully breasts the rushing wave, looking to his Heavenly Pilot for support and guidance. Amid his labors and fatigues, there are moments when he longs for sympathy and companionship, such as is found only in woman's love. Well is he aware that upon this event hang momentous consequences. *This* step must not be taken but with great caution. With earnest heart he seeks divine guidance. He is forbidden to yoke himself unequally, and commanded to do *all* in the fear of God. Obedient to the sacred injunction, he seeks a companion of congenial tastes, and Christian principles; one who can sympathize in his cares, and labors, and difficulties, as well as share the products of his labor, in the gratification of her tastes.

This household is established upon the basis of God's word. The first act is to erect a family altar, on which is poured the morning and evening oblation, sending its rich incense of praise and thanksgiving heavenward to Him, who with such offering "is well pleased." Success elicits acknowledgments of God's mercies with thankfulness. Adversity is received as coming from the same hand, either by direction or permission; and he is mainly anxious to secure the blessing which he is



sure comes under this disguise; he knows that in giving, God is supremely good; nor less so, when he denies. Every Christian knows that he must not

"Judge the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face."

Under such influence and guidance the rising generation may be expected to magnify the happy results of faithful training. Such a household is gazed upon by approving angels. Even a heedless world admires the perfect order which reigns and regulates all things there, though they may not care to imitate it.

But even from this stronghold of faith, from causes quite unaccountable, may issue those, who may bring deep, *deep* sorrow and shame to the hearts of pious parents. Well may it be asked, "Who is sufficient for these things?" When the life-roll shall be called, happy, thrice happy they who can appear with their households and say, "Here am I, Lord, and the children that thou hast given me." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." "And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

L'AMIE.

## EXPERIENCE IN A HOUSE WITH "MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE following capital article on "Modern Conveniences and First-Class Houses," we transfer from the *Independent*:

There are many persons who suppose that people who live in first-class houses, with all modern improvements, must of course be much puffed up, and that they become quite grand in their own eyes. It is true, sometimes, that fine houses have proud people in them. But we suspect the

same of very poor tenements. We can imagine a pride so reluctant of discipline, and so indocile, as to survive in spite of the experience of a first-class house.

When we moved into a capacious brown-stone dwelling, our better nature, with great simplicity whispered, "Beware of temptation." And with an ignorance quite as simple, we supposed that the thieves of grace would be found lurking in large rooms, at ambush behind cornices reproduced from old Rome, or in stately appearances! How little did we suspect that these were harmless, and that very different elements were to moth our patience.

But let a little preliminary exultation of a new man in a new place be forgiven, ye who are now established! Remember your old household fervor on first setting up, while we recount our economic joy and anticipations of modern conveniences, that would take away all human care, and speed life upon a down-hill path, where it was to be easier to move than to stand still! Every thing was admirable! The attic had within it a tank so large as better to be called a reservoir. Down from it ran the serviceable pipes to every part of the dwelling. Each chamber had its invisible water-maid in the wall, ready to spring the floods upon you by the mere turn of your hand; then the bath-room, with tub, douche, shower, and indeed various and universal squirt—up, down, and promiscuous. The kitchen, too; the tubs with water waiting to leap into them; the long cylinder by the side of the fire, as if the range had its baby wrapped up, and set perpendicular in the corner to nurse. But greatest of all admirations was the furnace. This, too, was interframed with the attic tank, for it was a hot water furnace. For a time this was our peculiar pride. The water flowed down into a system of coiled tubes, which were connected with the boiler surrounding the furnace fire. The idea was, when the water got as hot



as it could well bear, that it should frisk out of one end of the boiler into the pipes, and round through the whole system, and come back into the other end cooled off. Thus a complete arterial system was established; the boiler being the heart, the water the blood, the pipes at the hot end the arteries, and the return pipes at the cool end the veins; the whole inclosed in a brick chamber, from which the air warmed by this liquid heat was given off to the dwelling. It was a day of great glory when we thought the chill in the air required a fire in the furnace. The fact was, we wanted to play with our pet, and were half vexed with the old conservative thermometer, that would not come down and admit that it was cold enough for a fire. However, we do not recollect ever afterward to have been so eager.

In the first place, we never could raise enough heat to change the air in the house more than from cold to chill. We piled in the coal, and watched the thermometer; ran down for coal again, and ran back to watch the thermometer. We brought home coal, exchanged glances over the bill with the consulting partner, and made silent estimates of the expenses of the whole winter, if this was but the beginning. But there was the old red dragon in the cellar devouring coal remorselessly, with his long iron tail, folded and coiled, in the furnace chamber, without heat. Thus, for a series of weeks, we fired off the furnace in the cellar at the thermometer in the parlor, and never hit. But we did accomplish other things. Once the fire was driven so hard that steam began to form and rumble and blow off, very innocently; but the girls did not know that, and took to their heels for fear of being blown up. When the cause was discovered, the remedy was not easy, for the furnace bottom was immovable, and fire could not be let down. But one Joan of Arc assailed the enemy in his own camp, and threw a bucket of water into the fire. This produced several effects; it put

out the fire; it also put out so much gas, steam, and ashes, that the maiden was quite put out also. And more than all, it cracked the boiler. But this we did not know till some time afterward.

There were a few days of comparative rest. The weather was mild out of doors, and cold within. It was soon reported that one of the pipes was stopped up in the chamber, for the water would not flow. The plumber was sent for. He was already well acquainted with the way to the house. He brought upon himself a laugh of ridicule by suggesting that the water had given out in the tank! Water given out? We turned inwardly pale behind the outward red of laughing. We thought we had a pocket-ocean up stairs. Up we marched, climbed up the sides, and peered down to the dirty bottom of an emptied tank! Alas, the whole house was symmetrically connected. Every thing depended upon this tank; the furnace in the cellar, the range in the kitchen, the laundry department, all the washing apparatus of the chambers, the convenient china closet sink, where things were to be washed without going down stairs, the entry closets, and almost every thing else, except the door-bell were made to go by water, and now the universal motive power was gone! A new system of conveniences was now developed. We stationed an Irish engine at the force pump to throw up water into the tank from the street cistern. Blessings be on that cistern in the street. No man knew how deep that was. Like the pond in every village, nobody had ever found bottom.

And so we limped along for a few days. Meanwhile, the furnace having been examined, the secret of all this trouble was detected. The life-blood of the house had been oozing and flowing away through the furnace! How much would it cost to repair it? More money than a hot air furnace would cost, and half more than that! So we determined to clear out the



pet. Alas, (again,) how we fondled the favorite at first, and how contemptuously we kicked at last! It is said that no one is a whole man; we have partial gifts. In our own case, the gift of buying was liberally bestowed, but the talent of selling was withheld, or lay an undeveloped embryo. How to sell the old furnace and to get a new one! There is a great psychological experience there. We aroused ourselves, gave several days to contemplation, laid aside all other cares, ran from furnace to furnace, saw six or eight patterns, each one of which was better than all others, and all of them were able to evolve vast quantities of heat, with an imaginary amount of fuel. But fortune, that had so long persecuted us, did not presume to destroy us yet, and, as a cat with a rat, let us out of its paws for a moment's ease.

But oh, the changing! It was mid winter. The mild weather took this chance to go south, and got in its place the niggardest fellow that ever stood sentinel in Kamtschatka. The cellar was divided from the kitchen in part by this furnace. For two or three weeks they were chiseling the tubes apart, and getting the rubbish out of the way — masons, tenders, iron-men, old iron and new iron, tin pipes, carpenters, and then new air boxes, girls and dinner, the Irishman wheezing at the pump — all mixed in such confusion, that language under the tower of Babel was a euphonious literature in comparison. Sometimes, as we walked out, our good and loving deacons, in a delicate way, would warn us of the danger of being puffed up with the pride of a stylish house!

At length, after nearly six weeks of the coldest weather of the season, the new furnace took charge of the house. Water returned to the attic. The girls no longer dreaded being blown up by the boiler at the range. But the report came up that the sinks were stopped. After investigation, the kitchen floor must be ripped up, the great waste pipe reached by dig-

ging, and laid open. Broken tumblers, plates, and cups stopped up the pipes. Another week for this. Just as we were sitting down to a dangerous peace, we walked to the window one morning to see that our yard had disappeared! The roof of the store on which it was laid had given away, and carried down all the earth, crashing through the four stories to the ground! Just one thing more was needed — that the house itself should slide off bodily and dump itself into the East River. Yet the misfortune was not without comfort. The store was used for grinding drugs. Ten thousand pounds of salts, ipecac, rhubarb, strychnine, and such like delicacies, were hidden beneath a hundred tons of earth — the medicine being, where many people for whom it was destined would have been, buried under ground. For several weeks afterward, I think the bills of mortality improved in the region around.

There were a great number of other things exceedingly convenient in our house. The water-pipe from the roof to the front cistern was carried down *within* the wall to the ground. The bitter cold froze it up. Nobody could get at it. We salted it; we poked hot irons into the tap; we took counsel, and finally let it alone. The cornice leaked, the walls were damp, the ceiling threatened to come off. Our neighbor's pipe discharged so much of its contents on the ground as to saturate the wall in our basement entry; the area overflowed into the cellar; we dug a cess-pool to let it off, and cut through the cistern pipe leading to the kitchen pump. It could not be soldered with water in it, and the cistern must be run dry before that could be fixed. The attic tank gave out again. No water!

"Water, water everywhere,  
And not a drop —"

to wash with. Then came on a system of begging. We took the neighborhood in order, and went from house to house, till we exhausted the patience



and the cisterns of every friend within reach. Then we betook ourselves to the street pump, and for two months we and the milkmen subsisted upon that.

There was a grand arrangement of bells at our front door, which seldom failed to make everybody outside mad because they would not ring, or everybody mad inside because they rang so furiously. The contrivance was that two bells should be rung by one wire — a common bell in the servant's entry, and a gong in the upper entry. The bell train was so heavy to draw, that it never operated till the man got mad and pulled with the strength of an ox. But then it went off with such a crash and jingle that one would think a band of music, with all its cymbals, had fallen through the skylight down into the entry. Thus, women, children, and modest men, seldom got in, and sturdy beggars had it all their own way. It was quite edifying to see experiments performed on that bell. A man would first give a modest pull, and then reflect what he was about to say. No one coming, he gave a longer pull, and returned to waiting and meditation.

A third pull was the preface to stepping back, surveying the windows, looking into the area, when, seeing signs of unquestionable habitation, he returns with flushed face to the bell. Now for it! He pulls as if he held a line by the side of a river, with a thirty pound salmon on it, while all the bells go off, up and down, till the house seemed full of bells. Things are not mended when he finds the gentleman of the house is not at home! We fear that much grace has been lost at that front door.

In the midst of these luxuries of a first-class house, we sometimes would look wistfully out of the window, tempted to envy the unconscious happiness of our two-story neighbors. They had no *conveniences*, and were at peace, while we had all manner of

conveniences, that drove us up and down stairs; now to keep the flood out, and then to bring it in; now to raise a heat, then to keep off a conflagration; so that we were but little better off at home than are those innocently insane people who leave home every summer and go into the country to take care of twenty trunks for two months. But the cruelest thing of all, as we stood at the window, was the pious looks of passers-by, who seemed to say with their eyes, "A man can not expect much grace that lives in such a fine house."

It has certainly been a means of grace to us! Never such a field for patience, such humbling of expectations and high looks. If it would not seem like trifling with serious subjects, when asked how one might attain to perfection, we should advise him to buy a first-class house with modern improvements, and live in it for a year. If that did not fit him for translation, he might well despair of any chance.

Ye who envy us, will you exchange with us? Ye who laugh sarcastically at ministerial luxury, will you lend us your sackcloth, and take our conveniences? But those who do live in houses full of conveniences will, henceforth, be our fast friends. They will say, What if he is an Abolitionist and we Pro-slavery? What if he is radical and we conservative? The poor fellow lives in a first-class house, and is punished enough without our adding to his misfortunes!

Meanwhile, we practice the same charity. We rail no more at Fifth-avenue, and admire what saintly virtue enables so many to carry cheerful faces who live in houses with even more conveniences than ours. We are grateful for our happier lot. Though we are worse off than people in two-story houses, how much better are we placed than if we lived in Fifth-avenue!

We bear our burden patiently, knowing that in the very moment of despair, persons are at the very point



of deliverance. Who knows but that he may have a fire as well as his neighbors? One hour would suffice to set a man free from all his troubles, and permit him to walk the streets at liberty, unharrassed by plumbers, carpenters, tinnerns, glaziers, gas-fixers, carpet-fitters, bell-hangers, and the whole tribe of bell-pullers!

We are now living at peace. We are in a plain two-story country house, without "conveniences." We are recruiting. Nothing gets out of order. We do not wake to hear the water trickling from bursted pipes; we have no chandelier to fall down; the gas never leaks; we are not afraid to use our furniture; our chairs have no linen cloths on; the carpets are without druggets. The children bless the country and a country house, in which they are not always scratching something, or hitting something with shoe, or button, or finger-nails. And we already feel that a few weeks more will so far invigorate us that we shall be able to return for a ten month's life in a *modern house with conveniences*.

## EARTH'S SLEEPERS.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

FROM ice-locked regions to the tropic is-  
lands,  
From the bright orient to the prairied  
west,  
In mossy valleys, and on rock-based high-  
lands,  
Oh, Earth! thy children rest!

Weary they sink upon thy throbbing bo-  
som,  
When the clay-fetters from their spirits  
break;  
Some sleep in graves, enrobed in leaf and  
blossom,  
Some in the billowy lake.

In the dim forest, where the wild beasts wan-  
der  
Through the still night-hours watching for  
their prey,  
In the lone vale where silvery streams me-  
ander,  
They wait the judgment-day.

Some float within the emerald depths of  
ocean,  
Or slumber in its gleaming coral caves,  
Forever swaying in the endless motion  
That reigns amid the waves.

Some pale cheek lieth on a slimy pillow,  
Sea-shells and briny weeds about his  
head,  
While the carousing monsters of the bil-  
low,  
Are wrestling round his bed.

White brows are shining in the sea's gemmed  
palace,  
Pearls gleam amid wet locks of golden  
hair;  
They drank exultingly of Death's dark  
chalice,  
And won a burial there.

And some within the stainless crystal moun-  
tains  
That guard like sentinels the northern  
zone,  
Found, when the wintry breath had chilled  
life's fountains,  
A tomb not all unknown.

Within the pyramids of Egypt's desert,  
Their desecrated halls, still, cold, and  
grand,  
In dark sarcophagus, huge built and stately,  
Sleeps a most royal band.

Within the saintly gloom of old cathedral,  
Beneath the dusty arch or pillared dome,  
Remembered not, save by historic column,  
Dead monarchs find a home.

White ashes lie beneath the lettered tab-  
let,  
Beneath the altar hidden by the shrine;  
White ashes in white urns are meekly wait-  
ing  
The resurrection sign.

In the damp aisles of consecrated ab-  
beys,  
Whose marble rings no more to knightly  
tread,  
Whose matin songs and vespers are un-  
chanted,  
Sleep the monastic dead.

They bore the cross while toiling up the  
mountain —  
A Calvary of suffering — and it lies  
On the still heart, which, pains and woes  
o'ercoming,  
Sought but the Christ-won prize.

So wait in silence all earth's sleeping mil-  
lions,  
In rural vales and in the minster's tomb;  
Still wait they for the great millennial morn-  
ing,  
To break death's dreamless gloom.



## HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

(Concluded.)

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

FROM the vast mass of facts and suggestions for domestic comfort, health, and economy, collected by Prof. Youmans in his new work, we scarcely know what to select for the readers of *THE HOME*, or rather what to omit. We shall endeavor to present those which are the least familiar and most practical, condensing the words of the author or not as is most convenient.

## PART I.,

Considers the properties and applications of *heat*. Arbuthnot makes a curious suggestion respecting the effect of temperature on language. He thinks the close, jagged utterance of northern nations comes from their reluctance to open their mouths wide in the cold air; hence consonants abound in their speech, while the Greeks and other inhabitants of warm climates select smooth, full vowel sounds, and form a softer tongue.

Although we all know that "heat expands and cold contracts," we do not *practically* make due allowance for the law. Twenty-three pints of water expand into twenty-four on being raised to the boiling point. The seasons greatly affect the bulk of liquors. Spirits will measure five per cent. more in summer than in winter; yet the *weight* of substance is not altered by expansion.

A thermometer, (costing from fifty cents to a dollar and half,) should be bought by every family with its culinary stock, and take the place of *feeling* and *guessing*. The following are a few from a group of facts concerning temperature: Best temperature for a room, 65°—68°. Temperature of warm bath, 110°—120°. Scalding heat, 150°. Baking temperature of the oven, 320°—400°. Heat of common fire, 1000°.

Rough surfaces transmit heat most freely. The radiating power of a

coal blacked surface being represented by 100, that of glass is 90, polished tin, 14, brass, 7, and silver, 3. The best radiators are the poorest substances for containing articles to be kept warm; glass, porcelain, and earthen ware should never be used for such purposes. A polished tea-kettle is slowly raised to the boiling point, but retains its heat for a long time. Brightly burnished stoves and stove-pipes are more ornamental than economical in warming a room.

Dark bodies *absorb* heat better than light bodies; a soil darkened by the application of tan, soot, or some similar substance, will ripen its crops sooner than another not thus treated; and a wall by being blackened will mature grapes or other fruit early.

Air in cooling, deposits a part of its moisture in the form of dew; whatever therefore keeps it in motion so that it will be removed from an object before it has cooled enough to make a deposit, will prevent dew, and frost, or frozen dew. A current of air made to pass through a cellar by means of a fire, smoke, or other means, will retard freezing. Another principle is made available for the same purpose. Water, in freezing, sets free considerable heat. If placed near fruits and vegetables in tubs and pails, it will raise the temperature of the air several degrees, and assist to protect them. Freezing is thus made the means of warming.

The conducting power of building materials is a matter of great importance, and one which is little understood by the mass of people. *Bad conductors* should be sought not only for saving the internal heat in winter, but for excluding the outer heat in summer. Loose, porous substances which confine much fixed air, are best for this end; and when combined with strength and beauty, leave nothing to desire in the walls of our houses. Slate being taken at 100, the conducting power of brick is 60, oak, 34, earth and plaster, 25, plaster and



sand, 18. Soft wood is a poorer conductor than hard, dry than wet, and, universally, the more intimate the union of the particles, the better the conducting power.

Among articles of clothing woolen fabrics are the poorest, and linen the best conductors. The latter, by their great capacity of removing heat, are the most soothing as a dressing for local inflammations. The round form of the fibre also renders it less irritating. The oil cloth feels colder to our feet than the woolen carpet; not because it is lower in temperature, but because it more rapidly conducts the heat from our bodies.

Water has a greater capacity for containing heat than any other substance, that is, it will swallow up and conceal more in ascending from a given lower to a given higher temperature. It is from this reason that it quenches thirst so well, and removes the heat of the mouth, throat, and stomach without being itself uncomfortably warmed.

"Suppose that the water of oceans, lakes, rivers, and that large proportion of it contained in our own bodies, responded to changes of temperature, lost and acquired its heat as promptly as mercury, the thermal varieties would be inconceivably more rapid than now, the slightest changes of weather would send their fatal undulations through all living systems, and the inconstant seas would freeze and thaw with the greatest facility. But now the large amount of heat accumulated in bodies of water during summer is given out at a slow and measured rate, the climate is moderated, and the transitions from heat to cold are gradual and regulated."

Water boiling violently is not a particle hotter than water boiling moderately, and the heat may be at once reduced when the boiling point is attained. This is a hint worth acting upon by cooks, as, thereby, much fuel might be saved. Double kettles, the outer one containing water, and the inner the article to be cooked,

are excellent in boiling articles easily burned. By saturating the water in the outer vessel with salt, several degrees more of heat can be attained.

Heat holds the same relation to living tissue that it does to dead matter, expanding the vessels of the body so that their liquids move more freely, and imparting thus a pleasant sensation which we term warmth. When excessive, its first effect is to excite, and its second to exhaust the system. Evaporation is the body's great defense against undue heat, but this is not without its dangers. "The rush of the circulation to the surface, and the increased transpiration and secretion of the skin are accompanied by a necessary diminution in the activity of some of the internal organs. As the exhalation from the skin rises the secretion from the kidneys and mucus membranes falls. The prevailing maladies of hot climates may be referred to in illustration of the continued heat on the body. Fevers, diarrhea, dysentery, cholera, and liver diseases may be regarded as the special maladies of the burning, equatorial regions."

Wet clothing produces colds, because by rapid evaporation it abstracts large quantities of heat from the body. If it can not be immediately removed, a dry garment should be thrown over it to cut off the external air. The effect of too sudden change from heat to cold is to throw the blood which has been brought to the surface violently back upon the internal organs, thus inducing serious and often fatal disturbance.

Prof. Youmans gives some valuable information concerning the heating properties and economical value of various kinds of fuel. Green wood contains from twenty to fifty per cent. of moisture, all of which must be expelled before, or during the process of combustion. About half of this may be removed by exposure to the air for a year. Green wood is not economical fuel, because a large proportion of its heating power must be used in



evaporating the water; equal weights of all kinds of wood in the *same condition*, (equally dry,) produce equal quantities of heat; and yet it is not safe to buy wood by weight, on account of the very variable amount of moisture. In comparing the heating value of twenty-four varieties of American wood, shell bark hickory stands at the head, and white pine at the foot of the list. Soft wood gives an intenser flame than hard, but is inferior in the second stage of red hot coals. Wood charcoal produces more heat than an equal weight of any other fuel. It is important in order to secure the most heat from wood, to burn it rapidly enough to carry oxidation at once to its highest pitch, viz., the production of carbonic acid and water. The total heat thrown out by a stick burned with a smothered flame is not nearly so great as when combustion is more brisk, besides contaminating the air with most poisonous gases. Air-tight stoves are therefore less economical than is generally supposed; but their unhealthiness is their greatest objection. The carbonic oxide which is produced by a low smoldering fire is far more deadly than carbonic acid, and with a feeble draught this poisonous gas is constantly escaping through the imperfect joints of the stove into the room. Stoves with large surfaces warmed by a small brisk fire are most healthful. Little is gained by lengthening the pipe, but elbows save heat by breaking up the current of interior air at each angle, and projecting its hottest part upon the surface of the pipe.

In the opinion of our author the most healthy and comfortable mode of warming a house is by a combination of the open fireplace with some moderate hot-air arrangement, by which ventilation is secured, and a soft mild atmosphere is diffused through all the apartments. But it is too expensive to be indulged in by the masses of the people. The common belief that hot air, hot water, and steam apparatus are free from risk of fire has been shown

to be fallacious by experiment. Heat, not much above the boiling point, long applied, so bakes and chars the wood in contact, that it will ignite without the application of flame, thus a fire be "kindling upon a man's premises for years."

## PART II.,

Contains interesting facts respecting the nature and relations of colors, productions and management of artificial light, defects of vision, etc., etc. We have room only for a few remarks on the tasteful combination of *colors* particularly interesting to ladies. Dark colors diminish the apparent size of a person, while light colors increase it. In selecting wall paper, the amount of light style and color of furniture are our principal guides. "Among simple colors, light blue, light green and yellow seem fittest for hangings. Yellow is lively, and accords well with dark furniture and brunette complexions, but it hardly appears well with gilding. Light green is favorable to pale skins, deficient in rose, and suits with mahogany furniture. Light blue goes well with mahogany, is excellent with gilding, and improves blond complexions. White and light gray, with velvet patterns the same color as the ground, are well adapted to a wall to be decorated with pictures.

"In selecting a *border*, we should seek for contrast, so that it may appear, as it were, detached from the hangings with which it is associated. If there is a double border, an interior one of flowers and an exterior one, the last must be deep in color and much smaller. Yellow hangings should be bordered with violet and blue mixed with white. Green will take any hue of red as a border. White hangings should have orange and yellow. Gray, uniform hangings admit of borders of all colors, but no strong contrasts of tone; gilt borders do well with these. If the gray be colored, the border should be complementary. The neutral tints of paper, drabs, stones, etc., are particularly appropriate for picture



galleries; they produce good effects in other rooms with well chosen borders and moldings."

In furniture, crimson assorts well with rosewood, but not with mahogany; the latter, with all red-colored woods, trim well with green or green-gray. The carpet should be selected with reference to the other furniture of the room. If mahogany is used, the carpet should not have a predominance of red, scarlet, or orange in it. If the furniture exhibit various and vivid colors, the pattern of the carpet should be simple and sober, as green and black for example; while if the furniture is plain, the carpet may be gay." Picture-frames should not be suffered to distract attention from what they enclose by noticeable splendor of color or ornament.

#### PART IV.,

Discusses the great subject of *aliment*. All alimentary principles are ranged in two classes: *nitrogenous*, and *non-nitrogenous*; the former, containing albumen, fibrin, casein, and gluten is concerned in building the growth of the system, repairing its wastes, and forming new tissue; the latter, including starch, sugar, gum, oil, and vegetable acids, is the body's *fuel*, and is expended in keeping up the great process of respiration.

*Water*, the universal solvent, stands in a class by itself. That which falls from the clouds, far from houses, near the close of protracted storms, after the contaminations of the air have been washed out, is the purest which nature provides. It is only surpassed by a distilled water of the chemist, and yet, from its very freedom from mineral agents, it is insipid and unpalatable.

It is a curious fact that slightly alkaline waters, when exposed for a short time to air, light, and warmth, swarm with invisible animal life, while by substituting an acid for an alkali not a trace of living creatures will be found, but a vast growth of microscopic plants will take their

place. It is well understood that in some localities water is poisoned by contact with lead pipes, while in other places it is not perceptibly injured. The difference is in the water; that containing pure carbonic acid, or the bi-carbonates of lime, magnesia, and potash is most liable to become thus poisoned. Common salt also in solution forms a poisonous chloride of lead. The damage can not be determined by the hardness or softness of the water. Its chemical *analysis* alone can ascertain its safety.

*Wheat* may well be called the *prince* of grains, for it yields more largely than any other *all* the elements of complete nutrition. It is rich both in tissue-forming and heat-producing properties. The excellence of wheaten flour may be measured by the tenacity of its dough, the length to which it may be drawn in a thread, and the extent to which it may be spread in a thin sheet. *Whiteness* is not a sure test of the nutritive value of flour, but rather the reverse showing the absence of the *dark* gluten, so necessary to impart strength to the consumer.

Flour should always be obtained as freshly ground as possible; for experiment shows that when long kept, even in a cool airy situation, it deteriorates, especially in its glutinous qualities. Farina, a preparation from the inner portion of the wheat kernel is much more nutritious than rice, arrow root, or tapioca for invalids and children. Rye is nearly as nutritious as wheat, and contains more sugar, but forms a less adhesive dough. Corn is richest in oil of all the grains, but is not sufficiently glutinous to make an adhesive fermented dough. It is well adapted by its heating property for the dish of northern natives, and is chosen by arctic navigators in preference to what. Oat-meal ranks first in nitrogen, accounting thus for the brawn and muscle of the Scotch peasants, who are fed almost entirely upon it, and suggesting its more extensive use



among the poor of our own land. Rice is richest in starch, and poorest in oil of all the grains. Eaten alone, it is a very insufficient article of diet. Peas afford the most concentrated form of vegetable nourishment; they are selected by travelers as a provision in crossing deserts in preference to the grains. Beans differ from them but little in composition, containing a little more lime, the mineral basis of bone; both beans and peas are too concentrated nourishment to be eaten alone.

*Fruits* will not compare with grains in nutritive properties, being nearly all water, and are chiefly prized for their delicious flavor. The apple crowns the fruits as wheat does the grains. Says Liebig:

"The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptic, and when freely used at the season of ripeness by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor."

The cabbage, when dried so as to remove its water, contains a great amount of nutriment; it is therefore sought instinctively by the Irish, in the absence of flesh, to mix with their potatoes. In its decaying state it is peculiarly unwholesome, from its nitrogenous and sulphurous compounds, and should be quickly removed from cellars, and the vicinity of houses. The analysis of the potato furnishes about seventy-five per cent. of water and twenty-five of solid matter, mostly starch. In structure it is a net-work of cells, each one containing

small particles of starch floating in a watery fluid. In boiling a good ripe potato the starch will absorb all this liquid, and swell even to bursting; but if the starch be deficient the liquid will remain in excess, and we term it *watery*. Potatoes deteriorate in spring, because the young sprout withdraws the starch for its own nourishment.

The *white of eggs* consists of albumen and water; the yoke is mostly a bright yellow oil, the shell a porous carbonate of lime. The secret of preserving eggs is in excluding the air, which is made to pass freely through the shell to supply the wants of the unhatched chicken. This may be done by coating them with oil, varnish, or gum arabic, and laying them in bran, meal, or similar substances. Milk, the "typical" food of infancy, consists of oil, casein, sugar, salts and water. The relative proportions of butter and casein in the milk of cows is thought to be much affected by their food. Experiments indicate that stall-fed animals yield most butter, while those who graze and select their own food yield most curd; but this interesting question, so important to the dairyman, is not yet fully investigated. Compared with the milk first drawn, the last, or *strippings*, will yield from eight to sixteen times as much cream, the latter being literally the cream of the milk as it lies in the udder of the cow.

"Cow's milk is richer in butter than human milk." Says our author, "That nature, temper, and character are communicated by her milk from the mother to the nursing child, is not an idle prejudice. Not only do bodily circumstances of health affect the Cretic secretion, but conditions of the mind and passions also. A paroxysm of anger may pervert and even poison the fountain of life. And there is no thought more natural than that on the breast of its mother, the infant may imbibe, together with its milk, her nobleness of mind."



The fat of meat is the best, and the muscle or lean part the feeblest of all respirants. Hence, tram-oil, blubber, and tallow candles are delicacies in arctic climes, while they are an abomination to the native of the equator. No wonder that the Esquimaux, whose food is almost wholly burned as fuel in his body, to keep up the unequal strife with the elements, is dwarfed in stature, shrunken in muscle, and feeble in intellect. Pure muscular flesh, divested of all *visible* fat, still contains about eight per cent. of this combustible material.

Whether boiled, baked, or roasted, meat should be raised at once to a brisk heat to coagulate the albumen on the surface, thus forming a crust, and preventing the escape of the interior juices. Slackening the fire then so as to reduce it to a temperature of about one hundred and sixty degrees, the inside of the meat will be steamed in vapor of its own; the thicker the piece the less of its savory contents will escape.

The theory of cooking soups, broths, and stews, is exactly opposite. Here we wish to dissolve out the juices of the flesh; it should therefore be laid in cold water, and gradually raised to the boiling point. Liebig says that the most savory soup that can be made is prepared by putting one pound of lean beef *finely minced* in its own weight of cold water, raising it slowly to boiling, and after boiling it a *few minutes*, straining it through a towel; long boiling injures the soup by coagulating the juices which have been extracted, and should remain dissolved in the water. Truly it is a fine thing to have a chemist for a cook, and we wish Liebig would give us more of his excellent receipts.

The *kind* of water used in cooking is of the first importance. Soft water more readily penetrates substances, and dissolves their soluble parts; it is therefore best for soups, stews, tea, coffee, and all infusions, but its solvent powers are too great for tender, juicy vegetables; their form and

flavor will be best preserved if cooked in hard water, or, if soft, must be used, by the addition of a little salt. Beans, and peas, especially if old, are much more digestible if boiled in soft water.

Without question, the most important of culinary arts is bread-making—to furnish it light, sweet, and wholesome, is the *best* achievement of a cook. We have room for but a very few of our author's extended remarks upon this subject. Mechanical injury destroys yeast. Even a jar, or fall, or simple pressure diminishes its force, so that it should be removed from place to place with great care. The use of hop yeast is not to excite fermentation, but to arrest it when commenced, before the sugar is converted into alcohol, and thence to acid, and also to impart an agreeable flavor. The raising of bread without ferment by the use of certain chemicals, as tartaric acid, cream of tartar, or hydrochloric acid with soda is much advocated at the present day; but as a substitute for yeast bread for daily consumption it can not be commended. In the first place these acids and alkalis are almost never so accurately proportioned by domestic measurement as exactly to neutralize each other—one or the other will remain in excess in the bread; secondly, suppose they are neutralized and disappear, they mostly leave some medicinal salt in their place; and, thirdly, these chemicals are seldom found in a pure state, but are almost universally adulterated with some injurious ingredient. It is well known that bakers employ alum extensively to *bleach* their flour. It is a most pernicious mineral; magnesia is also used for the same purpose, and even *blue vitriol*. Liebig proposes a method of improving the quality of old and inferior flour without the use of any poisonous or medicinal agents, simply by the use of lime water. The receipt is this: "Mix a quarter of a pound of slacked lime in a gallon of very pure, cold, soft water, in



stopped bottles, or vessels kept tight for air; pour off the clear liquid from the top as wanted, and replace by cold water. Use five pints of lime water to every nineteen of flour, adding sufficient common water to mix the bread. In other respects the process is as usual, and the result is that a sweet, beautiful, fine-grained elastic bread is obtained of exquisite taste, which is preferred by all who have eaten it any length of time to any other." American housekeeper, *try it*.

Respecting the choice of culinary vessels, Prof. Yeomans reiterates the oft-repeated warning against the use of brass and copper. Sugar, vinegar, vegetable acids, salt, and all kinds of fat enter into poisonous combination with these metals, and into what preparation of food do not *some* of these ingredients enter. Without the most vigilant care of the mistress of a family, vessels of brass and copper will be used in an improper condition, to the serious detriment of the health of the household; and we therefore wish they were banished from the kitchen; the rust of iron vessels is objectionable but not absolutely poisonous. Utensils of tin and enameled iron ware are pronounced on the whole safest and most wholesome for domestic use.

From the consideration of the general subject of *aliment*, of which we in our limits have not attempted even a partial synopsis, Prof. Yeomans concludes that man was designed for a mixed diet. No one food contains *all* the elements of nutrition and respiration in its due properties.

"Lean flesh is the most concentrated form of nutriment, is easily digested, and quickly converted again into muscle. Yet, though a most perfect nutriment, it is least fitted to meet the complete demands of the system. It is not a complementary food, like wheat, answering to the double requirements of the body; its deficiency of respiratory matter makes it necessary to consume with it fats and gravies, or else join it with those sub-

stances at the opposite extremity of the scale, rice, potatoes, vegetables, etc., which abound in calorifying matter, but are deficient in the nutrition. On the other hand, if we attempt to live exclusively on rice, potatoes, or vegetables, in order to procure sufficient of the flesh-producing ingredients, we must consume an enormous bulk of respiratory matter, so much more than is needed, as to produce deformity and disorder of the system. It is easy to see, however, by reference to the preceding scale, that we can make such combinations of dietetical articles, as shall compensate for natural deficiencies. Indeed, the due admixture of these different principles of food is a vital and imminent necessity, which, if disregarded, makes itself quickly felt in physiological derangement, so that man's instincts have sufficed to guard him in many cases against broad departure from the proper and healthy course.

"In all countries we notice dietetical adjustments tending to the same physiological end. In the coarsest and crudest diet of barbarous tribes, or the high wrought luxuries of the refined, the same instinctive cravings are ever regarded — the same purpose of nature is always in bias. Potatoes and vegetables, with beef, mutton, and pork, are almost universal combinations. Beans and peas, which are the most highly concentrated vegetable nutriments, are associated with fat pork, in the well-known dishes, 'pork and beans,' 'pork and peas pudding,' and the extreme oiliness of ham or bacon, is corrected by the highly-nutritive egg, 'ham and eggs.' So also milk and eggs are cooked with rice, and butter is added to bread, which is deficient in oily matter."

With this extract we close, leaving our readers to explore for themselves the equally interesting and valuable sections on air, light, and cleansing, and also to go over, in a more satisfactory manner, the portions of which we have sought only to give them an appetizing glimpse.



## CHRISTMAS-EVE AT THE GERMAN BLIND ASYLUM.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, as is now well known, is the great day of all the year in Germany; it is the festival looked forward to, and prepared for by all classes, and celebrated in every family, every institution or community. It is, however, with special reference to Christ's appearance upon earth in the form of a child, more particularly regarded as a children's feast; and it is in this light that it assumes its deepest meaning, and acquires its most poetical associations. On the birthday of the Holy Child — the pattern of childish purity, the guardian of childish innocence, and the preacher of child-like humility — all the little ones of His flock are to be made glad; to *feel*, even before they can understand or appreciate it, how intimately His spirit is connected with all their joys. Therefore, wherever children are united, either by the ties of relationship, the claims of education, or the bonds of benevolence, there the tree burns more brightly, the gifts are more numerous and varied, the mirth louder, and the surprise more startling. From the princes and princesses in the palace, down to the pauper-child in the workhouse, every little German heart beats with joyful anticipation at the approach of Christmas-eve.

The images impressed on the mind by this festival remain engraven there for life, and are associated with the tenderest and brightest recollections of childhood. The grown-up son, who has for years been absent from his German home, still recalls the happy scene of former days, whenever Christmas-eve comes round: he contrives, if possible, to send his parents some trifle to swell the amount of surprises, or, at any rate, calculates carefully that his letter of affection and congratulation may arrive on that day. On that day the aged mother thinks of her children scattered abroad in

the world, and not without melancholy dwells on the past, when she assembled them all around the lighted tree, and was the minister of their greatest joys. On that day many a heart that has sought a home in other lands, and is fain to own them a more prosperous abode, longs to be once more amidst the merry groups in his German home, singing German songs, eating German fare, enjoying the cordial hospitality, the unrestrained cheerfulness of German society.

It was not till a few years ago, that I had an opportunity of witnessing this season in all its true German bearings, and became aware how intimately the interest connected with it, pervades every phase of society in Germany. For weeks before Christmas, every housewife is busy planning, calculating, purchasing, not to mention baking and brewing. She has to find out the wants and wishes of husband, children, and servants, and secretly endeavors to provide for their gratification when the great day arrives. The younger members of the family have each their secrets, and have their hands and heads full of fancy-work of different kinds — slippers, collars, cushions, purses, bell-ropes, and the like — all of which *must* be completed before Christmas. Every tradesman knows that his character will suffer if he does not finish the article ordered, and send home the goods on the important day. Every household servant, every laborer's wife would consider it a crying sin to leave one corner of the house unscrubbed, one window uncleaned, for the grand occasion.

Many public institutions, in which active benevolence is busy to supply things domestic poverty denies, afford an interesting spectacle on this day, and might invite a numerous crowd of visitors, were not almost everybody too busy at home to seek amusement abroad. As a stranger, and desirous of seeing the peculiar features of the country, I gladly availed



myself of an opportunity offered me to witness the *Bescheerung* or distribution of Christmas presents at the Blind Asylum. This took place at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; and as I walked with a friend through the town, we could not but notice the unusual air of business and expectancy that pervaded every countenance we met. There strode a peasant-woman carrying a heavy laden bag and basket, and, moreover, a pretty ornamented stand for tapers laid over her shoulder. Here came a gentleman holding an ill-concealed flower-vase or other ornament for his lady's table. There again walked a poor man, with a small fir-tree in one hand, and some toys just bought at the fair, in the other. On arriving at the asylum, which is situated just outside the town, we were shown into a large hall, containing at one end a few benches for visitors, whilst the greater part was left open for the reception of the inmates of the asylum. Opposite the door stood a tree, not brilliantly illuminated, yet supplying the principal light of the apartment. Along the whole of one side of the hall were arranged narrow tables, completely covered with various articles prepared for the blind children; and at one end stood an organ. Soon after we had taken our seats on one of the benches, the inmates of the asylum were admitted, about forty in number. As they came in, almost all seemed to have sufficient perception of light to be attracted by the lighted tree, and to turn their eyes involuntarily in that direction. No doubt their imaginations had been worked upon by previous description, for many gave signs and gestures of surprise, and even uttered sounds of delight, as they seemed to catch a glimpse of the emblem of the festival. Notwithstanding this excitement, however, they ranged themselves in a perfectly quiet and orderly manner round the organ, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, and conducted themselves with the greatest propriety.

After them came in the director, or head manager of the institution, and took his place at an elevated reading-desk. At a signal given by him, the organ, at which one of the blind youths, were seated, struck up a hymn, joined by the voices of all the children, who performed this and several other pieces, in a very superior manner, not only keeping their parts with perfect correctness, but putting much feeling and spirit into their songs.

The blind are remarked to be often gifted with a fine musical ear, and their voices are also very often rich and mellow, and capable of high cultivation. In this institution, music is regarded as one of the prime levers for improving and civilizing these unfortunate children; and infinite pains are taken to procure them the best instruction, and to make them familiar with the best compositions. The pieces on this occasion, were admirably chosen, being of a solemn yet animated character; there were some short portions of the *Messiah*, and at last, a beautiful fragment of Shiller's *Story of the Bell*—namely, the prayer for peace. Between the songs came a little episode: a little girl dressed in white, and shewing by her whole bearing that she belonged to a different class of society from her companions in misfortune, was brought forward by the director, to whom she clung with affectionate bashfulness, and repeated a pretty little verse in a clear and sweet voice. She did not belong to the asylum, but living in the neighborhood, was sent there at stated times to enjoy some of the instruction, peculiarly adapted to her condition, and in her infantine helplessness, seemed to attract the sympathy and interest of all. I was much struck by the earnest composure evident in the deportment of all the young performers. These poor children, freed from the disturbing influence caused by the sight of new faces and varied objects, seemed wholly engrossed with the task they had in hand, and stood perfectly still, the words and



notes of their songs as present to their mind's eye as if they had been able to read them off from a book. I can not say, however, that their appearance was pleasing, so far as external form is concerned; they are, for the most part, unhappy beings, rescued from filth and misery, whose affliction has arisen out of the neglect of ill treatment of vicious, ignorant, or brutal parents; therefore, their whole aspect often denotes a sickly constitution, and their awkward figures and ungainly movements bear the stamp of a rude origin, whilst their very homely attire is not calculated to add any grace in their exterior. Nevertheless it was highly interesting to see the wonderful effects that music can produce in elevating the mind, and even the expression, and to listen to the clear, soft, and deep tones proceeding from those clumsy forms, and speaking of a soul alive to nobility of sentiment.

The singing having now ceased, the director—a short, plain little man, with a finely developed brow and bright twinkling eyes—read a brief address, suitable for the season, concluding with a prayer; and then, descending from his rostrum, he proceeded, with the aid of the teachers connected with the institution, and a lady who has the superintendence of the domestic department, to lead the children to the table spread for them, and at which a certain space was marked off and numbered for each recipient. Poor things! they could see nothing of the various objects laid out before them; the bright color or the delicate pattern could not attract their attention or gratify their sense; yet they were, I am well assured, at that hour as happy as any children possessing all the power of sight could possibly be. Loud were the shouts of joy, as they spread their hands over their portion of the table, and caught hold of new and unexpected treasures; then was there clapping of hands, beating of breasts, jumping, and merry peals of laughter

whenever a new discovery was made amid the heap.

The gifts had been selected with wonderful discretion and adaptation to the peculiar exigencies of the case. All the other senses were to be gratified, since sight was denied, so there were whistles and fifes, Pan's pipes and drums, bells and Jews-harps for the hearing; scented soap, scent-bottles and bags for the smell; gingerbread, apples, and nuts, for the taste; smooth round balls and polished marbles, for the touch. Nothing seemed to give more universal pleasure than these last; little boys and great girls seemed alike to delight in rubbing them between their hands, stroking them against their faces, and kissing them with their lips. The musical instruments were immediately put into action, so that the din of varied discordant sounds became quite deafening.

Strange to say, the eatables were regarded with less interest than any other object, and I did not see a single child devouring greedily its cake or sweets. Clothing being provided by the establishment, necessary articles of dress are not distributed at this season; but only little extras, that appear rather in the light of luxuries, were admitted among the Christmas gifts. Warm comforters, muffetees, and gloves, and a pair of elastic garters, fell to many a one's share, and loud were the expressions of joy elicited by their discovery. The elder girls also had collars and neck-ribbons to be worn on state occasions, and showed, by the eager pleasure with which they examined them, that even want of sight does not render the sex insensible to the charms of finery. One girl asked what color her ribbon was; and when I replied that it was blue, "Oh," she exclaimed, "that is my favorite color!" yet she had never had any perception of color. Perhaps she had heard that the heavens are blue, and identified this color with the beauties of that place.



The young children had various toys—ninepins, tops, dolls, etc., and almost every one had a basket of some kind. One end of the long table was set out for a few elderly pensioners who had been admitted for life into the asylum. These also had their share of presents, and showed their satisfaction in a calmer but not less gratifying manner. One old woman was especially delighted with a little tureen or covered basin that had fallen to her lot, and in which, as she told us, she was every day to fetch her dinner from the kitchen. She felt it all over, admired the smoothness of its surface, and the symmetry of its form, and was never tired of taking off and putting on the cover, which fitted so nicely. She had also received a bag, and, in spite of her blindness, did not fail to call upon us to admire the prettiness of the pattern and the harmony of the colors. The director, the teachers, and the lady before mentioned—a most pleasing, active little woman—went about among the party, sympathizing with each, and pointing out the uses and beauties of the various articles, the director especially evincing by his kind and paternal tone, and the different manner in which he addressed himself to different individuals, the warm affectionate interest he felt for all, and the insight he had gained into the character of each. The visitors also were permitted to walk about and inspect every thing, yet the children appeared to feel not the slightest restraint, but gave free vent to their joy in a perfectly natural manner.

When ample time had been allowed them for examining all they had received, they were marshaled out of the room again, laden with their newly acquired riches, which many of them were unable to carry off themselves; and as they walked past him, the director again spoke a word of encouragement or sympathy to each, and many a one stopped to press his hand affectionately, and to say once more how delightful had

been the treat. We offered our thanks and congratulations to this gentleman, who then explained to us the great value he set on this festival as a means of softening and elevating the character of the unfortunate beings committed to his charge, who often came to him in a state of degradation hardly raised above that of the brutes, and required the most careful training to call forth the higher and nobler faculties of their nature. Having heartily wished him further success in his philanthropic labors, we hastened away to the *Bescheerung* awaiting us at home. As we hurried along the now dark streets, it was a pleasure to see the unwonted illumination in most of the houses, in many of which even the little attic windows showed that something was going on in honor of the holy feast.

#### OCCUPATION.

OCCUPATION! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.



A SKETCH FOR THE TIMES; OR,  
FAMILY ECONOMY.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

"APPALLING, certainly!" exclaimed Mr. Nelson, as he dropped the evening paper upon his lap which he had been perusing, and looked up into the faces of the group seated around him.

"What, George?" asked his little wife, as she cast a loving glance at him from her work; "more reports of the failures of banking institutions—not an uncommon occurrence now-a-days."

"Yes, Mary, and the report to-night is quite large. All the banks in New York city have suspended, together with those of Boston, Philadelphia, and various other prominent cities. In addition to this, we have telegraphic reports of large mercantile and manufacturing establishments which have failed. In our own city, many of the proprietors of machine shops and other places of business have discharged their 'hands,' for want of means to carry them on."

"This is a sad aspect of affairs truly," replied his wife. "We must undoubtedly look for hard times this winter, when our banks have suspended specie payments, and the mechanics and laborers have been thrown out of employment."

"Right, my wife," resumed Mr. Nelson; "a sad work has indeed been executed during the past week. Every grade of society feels this monetary shock, but it bears heaviest upon the working class—the bone and sinew of the land. By the calculation of one who has given much research to this subject, he estimates that fifteen thousand five hundred and seventeen working-men have been thrown out of employment by this crisis, who belong to twenty of the principal trades."

"Can it be possible, father!" said Jessie, their oldest daughter. "Who would have thought that so large a number have been thrown out of

situations! And the number is constantly on the increase. How ghastly must want stare these persons in the face as they look upon the long winter months before them!"

"Yes, my daughter," said Mr. Nelson. "Provisions are low this season, yet many of these families have little or no money with which to buy. If the heads of these households do not find employment elsewhere, their families will be thrown upon the hands of a charitable public."

"Other families then, who have a sufficiency, should be economical in their expenditures, so as to feed these hungry mouths," said Mrs. Nelson. "Somebody has said, in order to reform a nation, each individual citizen must *first* reform himself. In the position in which our country is now situated, it devolves upon *all* families to be economical in their expenditures, and each member of the household should take an interest therein."

"You have well reasoned, Mary," said Mr. Nelson, with a look of satisfaction at his wife's knowledge on this subject. "Say on—we long to be farther instructed upon this *domestic* topic."

"If this plan had been adopted and carried out during the past few months, much of the distress and suffering consequent upon this money pressure would never have occurred. But it is not too late yet; and if this project could be adopted in every household *now*, what a visible change would transpire, and how much more smoothly would the affairs of a family progress. As 'Charity begins at home,' let each of us cheerfully adopt this motto—*economical in every thing*. Although we are not an extravagant family by any means, and do not follow the dictates of fashion, yet I can not help but think we might be a little more frugal in some things. We would thus have an ample sufficiency to spare, which would gladden the hearts of many a destitute home."



"True, mother," said Jessie, "your scheme is an excellent one, and should be carried into execution in every family. We can exercise our charity in numerous ways. It was only to-day I heard a most pitiful tale from a woman at the gate, whose husband had been thrown out of employment. She showed me bills to the amount of several dollars—the only money they had—on broken banks, and they were almost without the common necessities of life. When I slipped between her thin fingers a silver coin, and replenished her little stock of provisions from the buttery, I could not but think her position was a sorrowful one, as the tears found a channel down her furrowed and wan cheek, in thankfulness for the little favors I bestowed upon her."

"It is not an unusual case, Jessie—would that it were," replied the mother. "And besides observing strict frugality in our domestic affairs, I would suggest that we immediately procure a Family Daybook, in which to keep our expenditures."

"First-rate plan, mother," spoke Charles Nelson, who had been listening to the preceding colloquy with much interest. "I will gladly officiate as book-keeper. Mr. Dicks told me the other day I had progressed much in this study this term, and would soon be able to keep my father's books. I should rather commence on a 'small scale' first, however."

"I agree with you there, my son," said Mr. Nelson. "But what think you upon this, wife—could we with confidence place this responsible duty in Charles' hands?"

"I doubt whether we could make a more favorable selection. In this way Charles can bring his book-keeping into practical execution, and have ample time to attend to it during the long winter evenings. Do you promise to keep the account faithfully, Charles?"

"Yes, mother, I will willingly and cheerfully comply with your request."

"We do then confer upon you the honorary title of Domestic Book-keeper, and prepare yourself to enter upon the duties of the office to-morrow evening."

"I thank you for the title, and trust to merit your confidence in my abilities."

"Now that we have appointed our book-keeper," resumed Mrs. Nelson, "let each one of us consider in what manner we can narrow our personal expenditures. Come, Jessie, you may first lead off by giving your thoughts upon this matter."

"You have many excellent plans in your head, mother," said Jessie, "and those which add materially to our domestic happiness, you do not keep from our ears a single moment. As to this matter of cutting down our expenditures, you have struck upon a vein most suitable for *the times*. In adapting this to myself, I shall willingly forego the pleasure of taking the piano father designed purchasing me. My furs will answer quite well another season. I have an ample supply of dresses and basques, and to-morrow I shall re-trim my bonnet. I know of nothing I shall need at present farther than a thick pair of lady's gaiters."

"You are too liberal for your own comfort, I fear, Jessie," said Mr. Nelson. "The sweet music of your voice is dearer to me far than the harmonious strains of a piano could be, and I shall follow the dictates of your own frank mind as to purchasing the instrument this season."

"Come, Charles," said Mrs. Nelson, "let us know in what respect you can exemplify your frugality."

"I am amply provided for, mother, and shall be satisfied if I have nothing more than the pleasant home we now enjoy. You have taken much pains to repair my overcoat, and other of my winter clothing. Although you promised me a new overcoat for Sunday, yet the old one will answer every purpose. I got a strong pair of boots to-day at the shoemaker's, which is



all I shall ask in the way of shoe-leather. Yesterday I was strongly urged by a friend to purchase a season ticket for the lectures this winter, and I am glad I did not consent, as I find much more pleasure around our fireside, listening to and discussing interesting topics, and engaging in other home amusements, than I should seated in the crowded lecture-room."

"You have well spoken, Charles," said the father. "Your mother is very careful of all our articles of clothing, and does not suffer a rent or a missing button to be seen on our apparel the second day. As to securing lecture-tickets, I may possibly procure a double one for the course, although we might drop this amusement, for the sake of carrying out our plan."

"Does Clara choose to speak upon this subject?" said Mrs. Nelson, as she looked down into the blue eyes of their little one seated by her side. "Does my little pet want a new joint doll or other trinket to add to her collection of playthings?"

"I asks nos'n, ma. My dolly's lost one arm, but it looks jish as well when I puts some cotton in the sleeve. 'ou and pappa gives me all I wants and more too," she added, in her peculiar childish dialect, which brought a smile from the group.

"You sweet little dimple face, I must kiss you for that," said Jessie, as she picked Clara up into her lap, and imprinted a sister's kiss upon the little girl's cheek. "Come, pa," she added, casting a loving glance toward the paternal head, "you can not be exempt from this discussion."

"Yes, yes, pa," interceded Charles; "let us know how you can aid in this matter of family economy?"

"I shall pledge myself to perform my part in this most worthy scheme. Besides advancing frugality at the fireside, I shall also exercise it in my business transactions. You are most loving children, and have denied yourselves many comforts to encourage economy. This object has not been urged on you; you have acted

upon it from the impulses of your generous hearts, and I do not fear but that you will carry your resolutions into execution. Too much care can not be taken in this respect. If the principle of economy had been adopted by households in general, much of the bankruptcy and financial embarrassment which has shocked our country would have been averted. As your mother truly says, it is not too late yet to commence. Let us go forward in the work we have enlisted in to-night, undaunted, that others may take pattern thereby, and fall into the long ranks of Economy and Frugality."

"You have argued well, father," said Jessie, "and we do not fear but that you will perform your part in this new enterprise. Now, mother, it devolves upon you to wind up our animated discussion."

"I doubt whether I can be quite as limited in my expenditures as the rest of you, but at the same time will observe rigid economy. Holding as I do the family purse, you can rest assured it shall be opened only in cases of necessity and benevolence. Upon an article of use or provisions being purchased, it will be my chief object to see that they are not extravagantly used or wasted by the domestics. I fear there is much useless waste in the kitchen. As I have a large supply of dresses of different textures and qualities in the wardrobe, I shall not have occasion to patronize the dry goods merchant for some time. All of us co-operating together for the same end, we can not but bring about a most happy result, and will be a benefit to each of us which will be of lasting effect. In this we are not only happy ourselves, but secure an overplus by economy, to lighten the hearts of those around us. Remember, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;' so that we not only add to the happiness of other homes, but also have the approbation of our Heavenly Father."

BUFFALO, Oct. 17, 1857.



## WHO THEN, IS READY?

BY REV. C. STARR BAILEY.

WHO then, is ready? Who, in this autumn time, when the leaves turn red upon the maple, and the mountain ash blushes in the sun, is ready to lay aside the work of life, and walk up the way of the Life beyond? Who is ready, when in this time of year we behold the decay of flower and leaf, to lay aside the body with the flower and the leaf, and hail with spiritual joy the Resurrection and the Life? Who is ready to leave the gold and the profit of trade, and say, "Come sweet spirit, heavenly dove."

Is there a young girl to-day, fresh and lovely in this autumn time, ready to lay aside the hope of the earthly, and go arm in arm with the angel Death through the shadowy passage; or, a young man ready to embrace the kiss of Death, and go home to where the eternal harmonies fill the soul with the age-lasting life?

Now is the time to prepare the work of the soul. Now is the time to place ourselves in the battle line of spiritual duty, and put on the whole armor of God; and then having lived out our days in respect, duty, and honor,—having borne the heat and burden of the day, with God's benediction upon us, we shall quietly and peacefully submit when the angel, Death, appears, and go home to God, attended by the shouting hosts of heaven. And those who come to visit the spot where repose in silence the wasting bones, will point to our tablet with admiring words; and though many an autumn time shall come, yet never shall our name grow dim as the years pass on.

To die and be forgotten! Who would wish an end like this? To live and die, and have no spiritual deeds to proclaim your citizenship, is an end most deplorable indeed. Live to be useful, and even your death will have its voice of significant mention. True greatness lies in the char-

acter that lives when the voice has been silenced. Those are the greatest men, whose memories are greatest when Death shuts out the lamp of life. What if no tablet marks the spot where sleepeth the body, yet shall the bright deeds of our day, and the result in life of our practical Faith prepare an age-lasting monument in the hearts of men, invincible against the assaults of time, and growing brighter as the years pass on. Then spend your time, your money, your life, all that you have, may have or can have, to make your name imperishable; laying the foundation-stone upon the Christian rock, building up higher and higher in perpetual and increasing beauty, the man and his manhood, until your *last* days are your best days, and the *closing scene* the brightest period of the whole life and journey.

Who then, is ready? As the leaves fall and the flowers fade, who will put on increasing Faith, and resolve to be stronger and better as the years crowd thickly upon us. Summer has gone. I mourn for the glory of the summer woods; and the bright eyed flowers that grew by the garden fence, are bright and lovely no more. And how much do we feel in this "melancholy season of the year" that we are growing old? The tension of life is departing, and "we do fade as the leaf." I look back to boyhood, and see in imagination those golden days; but they are gone;—then up into manhood, how many more have gone, how many are going! Am I ready? Are you ready? What spiritual significance in these questions! Do not then forever be standing at the well of Jacob, but seek Jesus and the Water springing up into everlasting life.

COLUMBUS, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1857.

HE who marries for beauty only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.



## THE RIGHT LIGHT.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

"I THOUGHT you had often told me that your sister was a prudent, economical woman," said Mrs. Ross somewhat tartly, as her husband returned to the sitting-room, after looking to the fastenings for the night. "I don't see how a woman who travels in such merino as that, and sports such a dashing gold watch and chain, can be called economical. I never had so fine a merino in my life, and you always say we must travel in something we are not afraid of spoiling."

"I presume my sister agrees with me in this," said Mr. Ross. "If her merino is finer than any you ever had, it has probably lasted longer, and done more service. I know at least that it is the same dress she wore to the White Mountains three years ago, for I was there when she left, and it had already seen some service. She wears a watch and chain to be sure — wears them, not sports them if you will observe, for she makes no display of them as a gambler's wife might be expected to do. They may look dashing to us, but that is because the ladies we are accustomed to see do not wear them, but the reason of that is that they can not afford them, I suppose — not because they consider them too dashing. A watch is almost a necessity to my sister. She is so closely occupied that she is obliged to divide her time very carefully."

"You can never make me believe that any one with such white hands as hers can have very much to do," said Mrs. Ross, not at all mollified by what her husband had said. "She doesn't look as if she touched a bit of work from one year's end to another. If I lived and dressed as she does, you might well complain of me for my extravagance. But I have no patience when you set her up as a model, and lecture *me* on economy."

"We shall probably never think

alike on this subject, my dear," said Mr. Ross kindly, "and so we must 'agree to differ,' and let the matter pass without quarelling about it. Mr. Welland often says that his wife laid the foundation of his fortune, and I think she did."

"I suppose that is another hit at me," said his wife; "I have never had any foundation of a fortune to lay — I wish I had. But to have you think that I am extravagant, when we have never been able to do more than make both ends meet comfortably at the close of the year, is quite too much."

"I do not say that you are extravagant, my dear," said Mr. Ross.

"No! I know you didn't say it now, but you used to lecture me endlessly about it when we were first married, and hold up your sister, Mrs. Welland, as a pattern; and I know you think the same thing yet, and it vexes me."

"Don't let it vex you, little wife. I can assure you of a pretty favorable standing in my opinion, and you ought to be satisfied. I should be glad if we got on a little better with the world, but perhaps there is some wise reason why we do not. If we can not see this matter of economizing in the same light, we must see it as we can. It is in little things that the wisest economy is shown, and we must show it in these if we ever wish to possess greater. Mr. Welland's income was less than ours when they first began to lay aside that which has since become a fortune, and my sister had, as well as yourself, full liberty to make the wants of her family come quite up to her husband's income, yet they managed to lay aside some hundreds every year, while we have only contrived, as you say, to make both ends meet. They lived in the city, and we in the country, so you can not but see that there has been a difference somewhere in the internal arrangement."

"And you think that the difference is in my department? I think it's in



the business. It's a great pity if I must be blamed because my husband does not succeed in business."

"Well, so it is, my dear, so it is," said Mr. Ross good-humoredly. "And as we must be up betimes in the morning, I think we had better go to bed and sleep upon it."

Mr. Ross did not *think* on this subject, he knew. He had had in early life a very strong desire to possess a fair share of this world's goods. He had made a close comparison of his income, and his outlays with those of his brother-in-law, whose success he would have been glad to copy. He knew very well where the leak in his affairs was to be found, but he had tried for many years to stop it without success. He was aware that his family used more butter than any other one of the same size in the village — that more webs of cotton and more yards of calico were consumed there, and that the flour barrel and spice box needed to be replenished more frequently than in other meal rooms and pantries. In the early years of his married life he had tried to make his wife see this, but she could not understand, if she dressed her children in calico, while others clothed theirs in delaine or merino, that she was not more economical than they; no matter how short a time the garments lasted. If her husband talked to her about economy, she was sure to buy an abundance of cheap and worthless things, and then spend a great deal in replenishing, at unfavorable times, when their worthlessness was discovered. And finding that he could not change this method of administration without sacrificing his domestic peace, he had long refrained from saying any thing on the subject, wisely considering that peace was better than wealth. But his wife, who was a woman of many virtues as well as some glaring faults, had remembered his frequent references to his sister as a model of domestic management; and now that Mrs. Welland, after many years, had come

for the first time to visit them, the old sore had broken out anew.

Mr. and Mrs. Welland remained for a short visit, and then returned home, leaving their daughter Mary to spend the summer in the country with her cousin Lucilla Ross, who was near her own age. A few days after she had been left with her cousin they were sitting sewing at one of the low parlor windows, when a young man opened the front gate, and came up the walk.

"There comes my parsnip beau," said Lucilla, laughing in such a way that he could scarcely fail to hear.

Mary looked up to see why her cousin had called him "parsnip beau," and saw a light haired young man dressed in farmer's style, who made a somewhat awkward bow to her cousin on entering, blushing meanwhile like a peony, as Lucilla afterward said. But it was quite a manly blush for all that, for if he had not heard the remark just made, he had undoubtedly heard the laugh that accompanied it. He was awkward to be sure, but there was nevertheless a grace that hung about his firm, well-rounded limbs, if he had only dared to let it show itself.

Lucilla turned to find him a chair, concealing the titter still upon her face, and casting at the same time a droll look at her cousin, to whom she had just named him as Mr. Hamilton. Lucilla made a remark or two after he was seated, but not at all in a way to relieve his embarrassment, for she was so evidently bursting with smothered laughter that it could not fail to create awkwardness on all sides if it excited no indignation.

Lucilla had some tact at rhyming, and sometimes scribbled for the village papers, so that she was regarded by some of the village people as quite a prodigy of wisdom for so young a person. During the past winter and spring Charles Hamilton, the son of a well-to-do farmer, who lived at a little distance from the village, had been inclined to show her some attentions



though he had by no means been profuse in them.

Fair Mary Welland, roused by her sympathy for the young man's embarrassment, and thinking that perhaps Lucilla treated him with more than usual coolness on account of the presence of her city cousin, joined in the conversation; and though the few sentences he uttered were brief and confused, for he was evidently suffering from the reception he had met, she could not but notice that he expressed himself with remarkable ease and refinement for one of his external appearance.

Lucilla took the opportunity offered by her cousin's conversation with their guest, to scribble a few lines upon the paper pattern from which she was working, and pass them over to her cousin. Surprised at the rudeness of such an act, Mary's first impulse was to push the paper from her; her second to punish her cousin by reading the lines aloud. But she did a less ill-natured thing than either of these. Glancing down upon the paper as it lay in her lap she read:

"With a poppy blush and a fright-frog stare,  
And a shock of swingle tow,  
And collar half an acre square,  
You have seen my parsnip beau."

And then said gravely, "Your pattern is quite correct," and returned the paper to her cousin.

Rebuked by Mary's manner, Lucilla endeavored to treat their guest with more civility, but he had evidently perceived himself to be the butt of her ridicule, and soon took his leave.

"Why do you call him your parsnip beau?" asked Mary, when he was gone.

"Oh, because he is sweet and whitish," said Lucilla.

"Rather whitish to be sure," said Mary somewhat amused, "but why do you call him sweet?"

"You would think him sweet yourself if you had seen what a nice cake of maple sugar he sent me as a pres-

ent last spring," replied Lucilla laughing.

"That was sweet certainly; I should not have objected to such a present myself. I am very fond of maple sugar."

"Oh! so am I, especially when it comes in ten pound loaves. My only wonder is that he did not set it all around about with some of his mother's glowing hollyhocks."

"Perhaps they did not happen to be in blossom at that season of the year," said Mary, who had noticed some just such discrepancies of fancy in some of her cousin's poems, and thought this would be a good time to hint their incongruity.

"I never thought of that," replied Lucilla, blushing slightly at discovering this blunder in the imagination, upon which she so prided herself. "I trust you admired his bow," she continued. "Do n't you think he would make his fortune as a dancing-master in New York? I might recommend it to him."

"His mamma would not show him to have been used to the most refined society," said Mary. "But mamma often tells me

"That man when smoothest he appears,  
Is most to be suspected."

Because they rarely show this remarkable smoothness of manner without having cultivated it as an art, and those who feel a confidence in their own solidity of character are not apt to do this in early life, and they only become polished as they adopt refinement of manner instinctively from the usages of good society. At least that is the way mamma explains it.

"Well, I don't fancy that Charles Hamilton has had much opportunity to adopt a refinement of manner from any society he has ever seen. You ought to see his mother. He's an only son you know, and lives on a big farm out among the peach and apple orchards about a mile from the village. They all three come to church together like a loving family, and he's so attentive to his ma. Always



opens the hymn-book for her, and helps her find her specs. He's such a pattern son. His mother's dresses are not long enough to do much damage among the garden sarce, and she wears but a small amount of hoops. She is a picture worthy of an artist I assure you. The son they say is literary. I expect it was my verses that attracted him. I am expecting every day to get an original love ditty from him. You shall see it when it comes."

"Thank you!" said Mary. "Perhaps it may be worthy of more attention than you appear to think it, when it does come. I certainly liked what the young man said about that quarrel with the village teacher. He showed some independence in daring to entertain an opinion different from that of the great men of the village, whose word you say is law, but whose opinion in this matter is very likely to be an interested one. It is possible that his mother in her style of dress is independent enough not to follow a foolish fashion. Long dresses and hoops would probably be very much in the way, in garden and dairy. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Not in the least. But if she knows any better than to dress as she does, I think she would show it in some way."

"Then perhaps it is to his mother's want of taste that we may attribute his acre of collar as you call it, and his home-made clothing. He should not allow his taste in dress to overcome his veneration for his mother, if he is, as you say, a pattern son."

"Really, Mary, I believe you have taken quite a fancy to him. I shall pass him over to your keeping. I fancy already that I see him sitting with his red hands and face among the mustachioed beaux in your father's parlor. Would n't he make a figure among them?"

"You are generous, my dear cousin," said Mary. "I should be sorry to rob you of your prize. But as for

the mustachioed beaux in my father's parlor, I assure you they are very rare. Mamma permits me to exchange as few civilities as possible with the whisker-rearing, cigar-smoking, and wine-sipping young men who are so popular now-a-days."

"Permits you, Mary? Are you not old enough to permit yourself? Does your mother have to permit what you do?"

"Certainly she does. She is the mistress of her household, and I hope I shall live under the permission and supervision of my excellent mother this long while yet."

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The summer and autumn had passed away, and the time had come for Mary Welland to return home. On the last day of her stay the young people of the village had gone into the woods nutting, at the suggestion of Charles Hamilton, who had grown quite popular among them since their city guest had showed that she considered him worthy of being treated with attention. He was no longer awkward. The knowledge that he was well received in the society where he moved had taken from him the last vestige of that boyish awkwardness that characterized him at first.

"I dare not tell you how dark your going will make the autumn seem to me," said Charles to Mary, as they stood upon the brink of a little cascade which he had offered to show her. "But I could not let you go without thanking you for the good cheer that your presence here has given me. We probably shall not meet again, but I shall be a better man for it all my life."

"Very probably we shall meet again," said Mary.

"I think not," said Charles. "Providence has placed us in different spheres, and—and, it is better that we should not."

"Charles," said Mary, after a few moment's pause, "I wish you would go to school at B. . . . Professor Ray there is a friend of ours, and



would take an interest in you. I think you could find no better man to direct your studies."

"Do you wish it?" said Charles in some surprise, while his face flushed redder than the old peony blush that he used to wear. "I have thought some," he added hesitatingly, "of entering the Junior class at A. . . . t in the spring. I think I could join them if I studied through the winter. I have read as far as they, and with a little reviewing have no doubt I could keep up with them."

"The Junior class, did you say?" asked Mary.

"Yes! I have thought of it. It would give me less than two years in college, and I think father could spare me that time."

"But when can you have read so much, and who has been your teacher?"

"No one," said Charles; "at least no one since I left the high school over the river three years ago. If a man is determined to do a thing he does not need a teacher."

"I am very much surprised at this," said Mary. "But if you are to study through the winter," she added, "I still wish you would go to B. . . . Professor Ray would be an invaluable assistant to you."

"Thank you!" said Charles, as they turned to join the party they had left. "I will make inquiries about it."

"Oh, Mary! I must laugh at you," said Lucilla Ross, running up to their room after they had returned home. "I was so pleased with the impressive manner in which Charles Hamilton bade you good-by."

"I leave no young person here that I shall be more sorry to part with than Charles Hamilton," said Mary, smoothing out her gloves, and laying them in the box with her collars.

"Well, you *are* a queer girl!" exclaimed Lucilla. "When there are such young men here as Dr. Locke and Mr. Winslow, who are dying for

a look from you, to think that you should not try to captivate any one better than Charles Hamilton."

"I don't think I have tried to captivate any one," said Mary, laughing; "but I could not look for any 'better,' when I think that he is best."

"I declare, there's no accounting for tastes," said Lucilla. "I believe I shall take up with Mr. Winslow. He seems quite charmed with me since he found there was no use looking for a smile from you."

"I don't like Mr. Winslow, and should be very sorry to think that you had taken up with him as you say," said Mary.

"Why don't you like him?" asked Lucilla somewhat pettishly.

"Because, for one thing, I think he dresses too well for his circumstances," said Mary. "And that is sufficient argument against any one."

"Well, it's certain you and I don't see things in the same light," said Lucilla.

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It is now the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty seven, dear reader, and Lucilla has just returned home from the wedding of her cousin, Mary Welland, with the junior partner of her father's firm, Charles Hamilton. Charles had graduated with the highest honors from the college where he studied, and then went to assist the future father-in-law in the accumulating duties of his business. And the sound men that frequent Mr. Welland's parlor, regard Charles Hamilton as one in a thousand, and look with much respect upon the "figure" that he makes among them.

But Lucilla has returned to her village home to mourn over her blighted prospects, and to write heart-broken songs for the country papers. For Carlton Winslow to whom she was to have been married the coming winter, has been sentenced to state-prison for an illegal appropriation of the property of his



employer, in the store where he was engaged as head clerk. And Lucilla bows her head in shame and sorrow over the choice which she had made, because she was not accustomed to look at things in "the right light."

### KIND WORDS.

LIKE the perfume of roses, or the dew upon flowers, or the songs of birds, are words spoken in kindness. They cost little, yet avail much. Alice Carey says — and she never uttered a more true or beautiful thought, that "little drops of water brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world." So it is ever; for as the tender spires of the meadowy grass grows stronger and higher under the influence of the cooling summer showers, so does the heart expand and grow, and its nobler qualities develop, under the genial influence of kind actions and kind words.

The psalmist tells us that "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but that grievous words stir up anger." The truthfulness of this we see often proved. Hard words may in many times and cases be necessary, yet at the same time reproof and advice administered in kind and gentle tones, go oftentimes much farther than the hot and hasty words of anger. Such words

"—— have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care;  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer."

Unkind words are more apt to wound than to cure, to stir up than to calm; and instead of effecting good, only serve to awaken the passions, and rankle in the heart. Kind words are to the soul, as the summer showers and sunshine to the flowers. They make it glad and light, and strengthen it to bear up under the common sorrows of life.

There are those who can trace a long and honorable life of happiness

and peace to the influence of some little words uttered in kindness long years before. The words were never forgotten! they warmed and cheered the heart, and the obstacles and difficulties in the path of life seemed to grow fewer and less perplexing. There are those too, who in looking back over a long and wasted life of

"—— restless striving and weary care;  
Of visions tinted with morning rays  
Vanishing into air,"

can trace its cause to unkind and cruel words. The heart was young and tender when they were spoken; the words embittered it, and a long life of wretchedness and sorrow followed after. Kind words are words fitly spoken, and they, we are told, are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

### THE WATCHFUL MOTHER.

WE once sent a Sunday-school book by a lady patient of ours as a present to her little daughter. On inquiring afterward how she liked it — "Indeed, doctor, I did not give it to her, as I have not yet had time to read it myself." That mother soon passed away, and doubtless to the better land, and long years have passed away also, but we have never failed to admire that mother's heart as often as the remembrance of her ceaseless vigilance has occurred to us, accompanied with the earnest wish, that all parents should emulate that mother's care.

Up to the age of fifteen at least, and as long after as affection for the parent will prevent the child from doing any thing contrary to the known wishes of father or mother, no book should be read by a child without the parent's permission. Impressions are made for life, for eternity, on the mind, and heart, and memory of childhood — impressions which mold the character for aye, or open up channels of thought which fix the destiny.

Untold mischief has been done to the minds and morals of the young by reading books on Physiology, so



termed, causing apprehensions which have acted as a ceaseless torture to multitudes, until by consultation with honorable physicians, the groundless apprehensions have been removed, which had been excited by plausible falsities and brazen-faced untruths.

Equal care should be exercised as to the religious, moral, and miscellaneous reading of the young. Very few of our daily papers are fit to be read at the family fireside. Certainly not one in a dozen of all city weekly papers, not connected with a daily issue, but is chargeable justly with being made up with the veriest trash, to say nothing of their frequent obscenity, their slang, their spiteful hits at religion, its ministers, its professors, and the Bible itself.

A drop of water will ultimately wear through the solid rock, and drop by drop will empty the ocean, and so is the influence of the repeated exhibition of bits of sarcasm, and infidelity, and profanation, which portions of the press are steadily throwing out. Not only are the minds of the young injuriously affected by these things, but persons of maturity, of intellect, of mental culture, will suffer by them.

It is not long since that the death of Percival the poet, recalled to many memories his early promise, his later failure. How, with a heart, a mind, a culture capable of achieving great things for humanity, his light went down in the night of misanthropy, and almost atheism! What was it that froze the heart and made desolate the whole character of that gifted man? Reading in the spring-time of life the obscenities of "Don Juan," the malignant diatribes, the ranting atheism of Lord Byron. Had other books been placed in the hands of this unfortunate man at that critical period of his life—books which would have cherished the better feelings of his nature, which would have invited out his sympathies toward his brother man, he might have died a Howard or a Harlan Page, about whom sweet

memories will arise for ages to come, instead of dying as he is said to have done, an uncomely oddity, a misanthrope, and an infidel.

PARENTS! *Have a ceaseless eye to what your children read.*

[*Hall's Journal of Health.*]

## TO THE LADY WHO SENT ME AN APPLE.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

THERE'S danger in the fruit! Sure thou hast read

Of those who first in Paradise were placed—  
Where many a gorgeous blossom reared its head,

And many a blooming shrub the garden graced—

How Eve persuaded Adam, to his cost,  
How Adam ate the apple and was lost!

O, Woman! Woman! how can we withstand  
Thy potent charms and captivating arts?  
Our destinies thou holdest in thy hand,

Thou makest very playthings of our hearts;  
One smile from thee, and lo! the jocund morn,  
One frown from thee, and sullen night comes on.

I take the fruit, and ask not where it grew,  
But eat it not, lest greater woes should come  
Upon my head than ever Adam knew.

When he was driven from his Eden home,  
Because he ate of the forbidden tree,  
Eve went with him—thou canst not go with me!

I take the fruit and think from whom it came,  
I gaze, in fancy, on thy brow and cheek,  
Look in thine eyes, bright with their vestal flame,

Hear once again thy bashful voice and meek,  
And warmer sunshine mingles with my lot;  
Was Eve like thee? then Adam blame I not!

## FORGIVEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

FORGIVEN! How sweetly the word  
Comes home to the penitent one!  
Tho' long and tho' sadly he erred,  
Sweet Mercy has owned him her son;  
Forgiven!

Sweet echo of voices in Heaven.

Forgiven! How peaceful he is!  
What love is now filling his soul!  
Oh! nothing is sweeter than this,  
And he blesses God's gentle control;  
Forgiven!

Sweet whisper of pardoning Heaven!



## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## OUR POSITIONS AND PROPOSITIONS.

ANOTHER rapid year is drawing to its close, and its days, with their sunshine and shadows, are going from about us, even as the autumn leaves fall from the trees that nourished them. We have gathered about us during the year a circle of friends and correspondents, who have written themselves as members of our public "HOME" family, and whose friendship has added sunshine and cheer to that private home where we dwell bodily. And now, having journeyed with you thus far, and come to one of those wayside marks where we must take each other by the hand at parting, or for the continuance of our pilgrimage together, we will pause for a little, while we look back to see what our position for the past has been, and forward at our propositions for the future.

Our wish for the first existence of *THE HOME* and our interest and faith in its vitality, was based upon the opinion that it occupied a ground not heretofore trenched upon, claiming the attention of our o'er-lectured sex, not as mere butterflies of fashion, to whom the texture of a satin, or the pattern on a French pocket-handkerchief are matters of vital importance, nor as an oppressed race, to whom neither Providence or humanity has assigned a position or a task; but as sane, reasonable, and substantial beings, fit for the daughters, wives, and mothers of a republic — strong enough, like Mount Atlas, to bear the sky upon their shoulders, if they should, providentially, be called upon to do it, and not timid and hysterical, like chicken Little, thinking that the sky is coming down upon them, and thus falling a ready prey to some Fox Lox in the form of a spiritualist, or other mad philosopher, simply because a rose-leaf fell in the garden. There is a good deal of philosophy in some of Mother Goose's melodies, by the way — almost as much as in those old classic fables from which grown children out of the nursery consent to draw so largely.

We are asked often why we do not adorn *THE HOME* with fashion plates or patterns

for embroidery. We can answer at once it is because we have enough of these elsewhere — too many of them. We are flooded with them — they meet us on every side, tempting the young to leave the substantial duties of life for its mere ornaments; to lay aside the stong meat and feed frothily upon the syllabub. If we had nothing else to do but to fill our pages with these, we would sell our new type for old lead, and let this nice box of pens eat themselves out with rust on the top shelf in the library, while we ironed aprons, and rubbed the baby's gums with a thin sixpence to assist his teething. But we fondly imagine that there is some better utterance left for us than this. And we will give the baby the fresh bath and bracing airs of firm health to assist his teething, and tie him in a chair at our knee, to talk philosophy to the pattern of our morning dress, while we write on, until mothers learn to cut their children's wisdom teeth without a silver sixpence, or express an unwillingness to listen to what we have to say.

The finest steel engraving with which we commence the January number is a new feature in *THE HOME*, and these will be interspersed through the year, adding such other improvements as our success allows; but those we offer we aim to have real improvement, and not showy or pretentious ones. We shall give during the coming year a department of Domestic Economy, in which will be found rules for the management of a kitchen, both upon physiological principles and with such frugality as shall suit the unprecedented hardness of the times. This, with the Hints for the Nursery, which will be continued, will furnish for every wife and nother a handbook of the most valuable information that can be obtained on those subjects which pertain most to the physical comfort and well-being of her household. *THE HOME* aims to combine amusement with instruction, and to present pure literature and sound morality in an attractive form. It will thus present a cheerful face whether the skies are dark or bright, such as shall make its visits welcome in every home it enters.



To those of our correspondents who have favored us with interesting communications during the past year, we are truly grateful, and hope they will continue to drop in upon us with their favors.

## THE PRESENT TIME.

BEECHER, in a sermon on the money crisis, says:—"Take care of yourselves. In the first place, every man should take care of his body. If your body fails, your energy is gone. It must not fail you. *You want food and sleep.* Sleep is to man's brain what the rain is to our cisterns, with this difference—that our cisterns hold a supply for several days, whereas our brain holds a supply for one day only. Sleep over night is the shower that fills it up. We owe it as a duty to ourselves to see that this central power be not exhausted by sleeplessness. *It is a duty to sleep enough.* A man who can not sleep may as well stop business, and put business in the hands of the doctor. He who broods over red-hot plans will end his days in a lunatic asylum. Both sleep and food are greatly under the control of the will. They must be treated as you treat refractory children who refuse to eat when setting out upon a journey. If they say 'I can't,' you say, 'You shall, you must!' Then, *beware of substituting stimulants for nutriment.* This time is one which will make ten thousand men go down to the drunkard's grave. Do without brandy. Brandy may take you through, but it will be out of the wrong gate. Beware, too, of nervousness. A hot brain is like a new candle put into a hot candlestick. It burns off at one end, and melts off at the other, and is all gone in a moment. *Don't talk too much.* It is wonderful how much a man may talk himself away. Men talk over their troubles going up Broadway—talk them over going over the ferry—talk in their houses. *Meet your friend with a cheerful face.* Do not make a reel of your mind to wind and unwind your business upon every day. Never let business cross the ferry with you. Never let it cross your threshold any more than you would a wolf. Rest yourself at home, leave your business behind you, and change the current of your life every night in the company of your wife and children. If necessary, go home to a

bath. It would do good to bathe every day, some of you. Bathe in music. Try that. If you have no piano, no band of chorded instruments is half so sweet as the voice of an affectionate wife and the prattle of children. Do n't go home to burrow in your bed as an animal burrows in the earth, to hide yourself. If you have been in the habit of riding out, don't sell your horses. Take your ride as you have been accustomed to do—morning, afternoon and evening. Love music. *Find recreation.* Go to the Philharmonic concerts; go and buy tickets to them, if the times are hard; the music will do you good. *Beware of unsociableness.* Now is the time to let the bucket go down to the very bottom of the well of friendship, and let it bring up cooling draughts."

## HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

MANAGEMENT OF A DELICATE OR SCROFULOUS CHILD.—"The inspiration of a pure air is indispensable. Some physicians suppose that vitiated atmosphere alone is sufficient to generate scrofula. Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that impure air favors the development of it in those who already possess the predisposition. If the child is born late in the year he had better not be taken out of doors until the following spring, and if the apartments inhabited are well ventilated the confinement will not be injurious. For the future, when the weather will permit, the more the child is in the open air the better. The excellent effect of outdoor life in the country in warm seasons of the year, upon those who already suffer from glandular enlargements, has often been noticed. Exercise should at all times be moderate and stop short of fatigue. Early hours must be observed, and a careful avoidance of vicious and exhausting indulgences. A wisely ordered moral oversight is of infinite importance. \* \* \*

"When the child has got teeth to masticate solid animal food, it must be commenced with caution. At first small in quantity, of the lightest quality, and only on alternate days. Its effects must be watched. If not found to heat and flush the cheeks, and the secretions of the bowels continue healthy and regular, and the child grows and looks well, these are some indications that the



new diet agrees with it. For the future the diet should always be *nourishing* but not *stimulating*.

"Great care should be observed that the clothing is suited to the season of the year, and amply sufficient to protect the child from every sensation of cold or chill; at the same time light in quality, so as not to over-heat and oppress. The neck, arms, and legs must be covered. Their exposure is a frequent source of acute disease, and will invariably be found in a scrofulous child to cause the glandular enlargements so much dreaded. Flannel should always be worn next the skin, of lighter texture in the summer, and always taken off at night.—*Maternal Management*.

#### RECIPES.

**BATTER OR YORKSHIRE PUDDING.**—Take a quart of sweet milk, and mix in a large cupful of flour, making the mixture very smooth. Beat four eggs, and strain them into the latter; add a little salt, and mix all well to-

gether; butter your dish or tin, and pour the batter into it. Place the dish before the fire under roasting meat. The pudding when done easily shakes out of the dish into another dish to be carried to the table. It should have a nicely browned appearance. When dressed before the fire, either turn the pudding, or place the dish a short time on the fire to brown the under side.

**PEAS PUDDING.**—Pick a quart of peas; that is, remove all impurities, or discolored peas, or shells. Tie them loosely in a cloth, leaving plenty of room for the peas to swell. Boil till they are soft, which may be in from two to three hours. Take the pudding from the water, and put it into the basin. Open the cloth and bruise or mash the peas well. Mix in a piece of butter, with pepper and salt. Then tie it up tightly, and put it into the pot again, and boil for about a half an hour. When ready, turn it out of the cloth into a vegetable dish. If properly managed, it will turn out whole.